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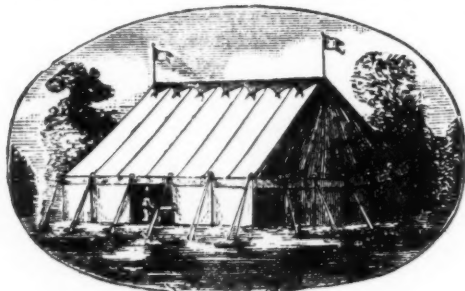
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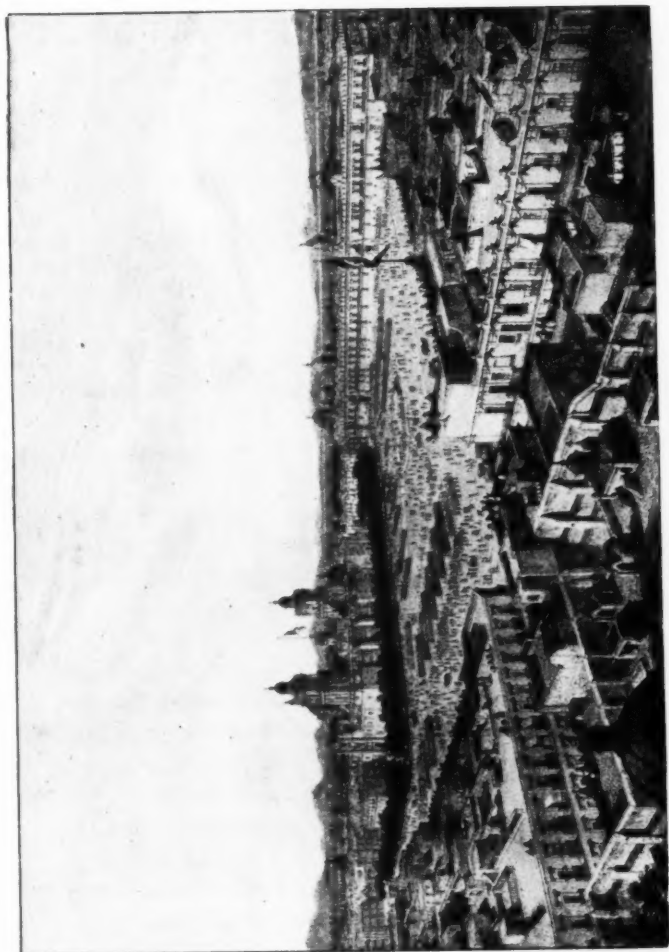


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THE PLAZA MAYOR, MEXICO.



CORTÉS AND MONTEZUMA: PRESCOTT'S ROMANCE.

BY J. G. MANDLEY.

TO term any work a romance that has long been accepted as a standard history will, by many, be held to smack of presumption. Still, although history may to the cynic be "but a fable agreed upon," to most men it is a "sacred sort of writing, because truth is essential to it." Every work purporting to be a history ought, therefore, to be free from manifest exaggerations, and statements repugnant to reason or false to nature. That Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico" has, notwithstanding the wholly incredible marvels with which it abounds, continued to rank as a standard history is probably due to the singular charm of its story, and the evident sincerity of its author. It is, however, to me quite incomprehensible how Sir Arthur Helps' version of the same narrative—a work in which the palpably fabulous seems to have been quite heedlessly adopted, and is far more glaring than in Prescott's book—was ever admitted to a place among recognised histories. The present endeavour is intended to show that all these so-styled histories of the conquest of Mexico are, in the main, mere fiction. Fiction, of course, differs widely from

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history, because truth is *not* essential to it. In fact, the novelist rarely pretends to adhere strictly to the real facts of history, but simply utilizes them to draw on his imagination. Hence the avowed novel or romance is not likely to mislead the well read. Not so the writings of the too credulous or heedless historian, which do mislead, and the harm they do is endless. For by such writers "events that never occurred, and speeches that were never uttered," are continuously handed down, and in process of time assume a false reality. Therefore, as Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" is, despite its many inconsistencies and general incredibility, still cited in illustration of the aphorism—"truth is stranger than fiction," and as we find men like Dr. Prichard and Sir John Lubbock quoting from its pages in support of their theories, a protest seems to be needed.

Absorbed in the marvellous exploits of Cortés, and the pitiful downfall of a supposed mighty and enlightened empire, but few readers of Prescott's work have ever paused to reflect on the possibility of the events and state of things he narrates. Misled by the title of the book, and by the numerous foot notes and long references with which it is garnished, the reasoning faculty has not been excited, and the wildest statements have been accepted as truths. Hence, the alleged subjugation of a great and powerful people by a mere handful of roving, ill-disciplined vagabonds has not met with the ridicule it deserves. Residence and travel in Mexico, and a somewhat extensive perusal of books on the Spanish conquests in America have, however, forced me to come to the conclusion that the asserted high state of civilization and the great populousness found existing in the region termed the Aztec empire were mere concoctions, intended to serve Church and State in Spain.

Who was the great *Conquistador*, and what was the strength of his armament when he set out on his seemingly foolhardy enterprise?

In the year 1504 there landed at St. Domingo (Hayti), in company with other adventurers, an almost penniless lad of nineteen, named Hernando Cortés. He lost no time before presenting himself at the residence of the governor, Ovando. In the absence of that personage, the youthful adventurer was told by the secretary that he would certainly have given him a good *encomienda*—that is, a grant of land and Indians. "I came to get *gold*, not to till the soil like a peasant," was the ungracious reply. Gold not being immediately forthcoming, young Cortés was fain to be content with the land and serfs, and soon applied himself to husbandry. Meantime, by engaging in some of the frequent expeditions to suppress revolts among the sorely oppressed natives, he acquired a fair knowledge of military art, in which he previously had had no instruction. Having in those affairs attracted the notice of Diego Velazquez, Ovando's lieutenant, when Velazquez was commissioned to undertake the conquest of Cuba, Cortés got an appointment under that officer. The enterprise having succeeded, Velazquez became the governor of that island, and Cortés was appointed one of his secretaries. His amorous propensities having got him into trouble there as in Spain, he, in order to save himself from the halter, consented to marry the sister of one of the governor's lady favourites. Restored to favour, but not to his secretaryship, he obtained a large territory and a corresponding number of serfs. A hard taskmaster, Cortés succeeded in making a fair fortune out of the produce of his fields and gold mines; "God, who alone knows at what cost of Indian lives it was obtained," exclaims the Bishop of Chiapas, "will take account of it."

That state of things was not to endure. News came of Grijalva's discovery of a new land, and of the readiness of the natives to part with considerable quantities of gold dust in exchange for the most trumpery of trinkets. Velazquez quickly resolved to be the first to take possession of that region. Steps were therefore promptly taken to fit out an expedition, those contributing to its cost to share in the profits. Want of faith in the loyalty of the men who, from their means and position, seemed to be the fittest to take command of the armament, led to the appointment of Cortés, who offered to contribute to the enterprise the whole of his fortune, and all the money he could raise on his personal security. The future *Conquistador* had now obtained the opening he had long and ardently hoped for. Untold wealth and undying fame were at last to be his. His whole demeanour changed, and the inherent activity of his mind and body were at once brought into full play. With the joint funds raised, ships were purchased, provisioned, and supplied with warlike stores. Recruits were got by proclamation throughout Cuba and the adjacent islands. A motley assembly of discontented farmers and of loafers about the ports, in company with a few discharged soldiers, was soon raked together. Any *hidalgo* who knew how to cut, parry, and thrust, and could furnish his own outfit, was accepted as a commissioned officer; and the more capable of such men, when without means, were granted a sum in advance.

The fleet set out from St. Iago on the 18th of November, 1518, the time of its departure being kept from the knowledge of Velazquez by order of his former obsequious secretary. Keeping along the coast, calls were made at Macaca, Trinidad, and Habana (then on the southerly side of the island), in order to lay in additional stores, and obtain more volunteers. Arriving at Cape St. Antonio,

which was reached on the 19th of February, 1519, an inspection was made of the whole armament. The details of that "stock-taking" vary, but Prescott gives them as follows: Ships of all sorts, 11; of these the largest, which was the flagship, was of 100 tons burden; the three next in size were of 70 to 80 tons; and the remainder were caravels and open brigantines. The forces consisted of 110 mariners and 553 soldiers, of whom 32 were cross-bowmen, 13 arquebusiers, and the rest were armed with swords or pikes. The artillery consisted of 10 heavy guns and four lighter pieces, called falconets. About 200 Cuban Indians, and a few Indian women for menial service, were also taken on board, and, in addition, 16 horses.

Prior to re-embarkation, Cortés made a characteristic speech. Devotion to the Almighty and to Mammon were finely blended, and the whole highly spiced with the promise of universal fame. They were going to fight "under the banner of the Cross," against the Infidel, and to take possession of "countries more vast and opulent than any yet visited by Europeans." God, in such a "just cause," would shield them, "though encompassed by a cloud of enemies." Mass was then celebrated; the ships placed under the immediate protection of St. Peter, and the fleet put out to sea. A short stay was made at the island named Cozumel, off the easterly coast of Yucatan. Here a Spaniard, who, it was said, had escaped, after a long imprisonment, from the mainland, was taken on board to act as interpreter. But, as that person deserted to the enemy during the first encounter, a few days later, we hear no more of him. Sailing round the great peninsula of Yucatan, the ships entered the river Grijalva, in Tabasco, where part of the force landed. The hostility of their reception led to a series of engagements. Although armed only with bows and arrows, clubs, and stone-slings,

the half-naked natives gave a good account of themselves, the Spaniards acknowledging a loss of two in killed, and that their wounded exceeded one hundred. Strange to say, several interviews and negotiations between Cortés and the Tabascan chiefs are recorded; but how they understood each other we are left to imagine. A new interpreter, whose name will long live in history, was subsequently found in a pretty young Mayan slave girl, who was given to the adventurers, and whom the pious Cortés claimed and made his mistress. Marina, the name in which her Christian lord had her baptized, was the most wonderful linguist ever heard of. For, in the course of two or three weeks, she not only spoke Spanish fluently, but made equal progress in the Aztec tongue!

On Holy Thursday, 1519, the little fleet drew close to the "golden shores of Mexico," and in the evening of that day anchored in the bay of San Juan de Ulua, now the port of Vera Cruz. Shortly after their arrival they were interviewed by an embassy from a "great king, named Montezuma," who asked their business on that coast. Cortés, speaking through the miraculous Marina, explained his mission, and intimated his desire to see the king. That he was told could not be, but rich presents were offered instead. As at Cozumel, and in Tabasco, attempts were made to convert the natives, including the noble ambassadors and their suite, by giving them "some insight into the Catholic Faith, and into the nature of their own idolatry;" but in vain. Further and richer presents were brought; but, as Cortés persisted in his determination not to depart until he had seen the king, the ambassadors went back in anger. Abandoning Ulua, the fleet went further along the coast, in a northerly direction, to where a safer anchorage had been found. The soldiers, under Cortés, had marched thither, passing through the territory of the

Totonacs, and were well received by the Cacique at Cempoala, the capital of the state. When the new port was reached, Cortés lost no time in founding his long projected settlement, which he named Villa Rica de Vera Cruz. Meantime, a smouldering discontent among the adventurers was on the point of bursting out into mutiny. The movement was, however, promptly quelled by the seizure and execution of two of the supposed ringleaders. The vigorous arm of the commander was also soon made felt in Cempoala. A continuance of the human sacrifices there was sternly forbidden, and, to ensure obedience, the idols were hurled from the temples. Of course, "the Cempoalans rushed to arms to avenge this insult to their gods, but the mere threats of Cortés kept them in awe." That intrepid action, and the promise of future protection, led the cacique and his chiefs to throw off the Aztec yoke, and become the vassals of the King of Spain. A still bolder movement of Cortés was to order all his ships, save one, to be dismantled and then destroyed—a measure deemed necessary in case any considerable number of his force should be tempted to abandon the enterprise. A few days later there came to Cempoala certain Aztec nobles to collect the usual tribute. Instigated by Cortés, the Cempoalans seized those lordly collectors, and would have killed them, had not the wily leader managed to ensure their escape, in order that they might bear friendly messages from him to the emperor.

Having prepared the way, Cortés, on 16th August, set out "to see what sort of a *thing* Montezuma was." The number of his troops and the nature of their equipment, when venturing into the interior of an absolutely unknown country, reported to be densely populated by a fierce and warlike people, to brave a "mighty monarch" in the very heart of his dominions, are a matter that calls for the

closest attention. When we consider the fewness of the ships, and the small accommodation they afforded—the largest not being much roomier than a decent-sized barge—Prescott's details seem to be an exaggeration. A strong garrison had to be left to guard Villa Rica, surrounded as it was by the half-pacified Totonacs, who, it is said, could muster 100,000 warriors. Losses in men by death, due to wounds or disease, and by disablement, had been suffered. Weapons must have been broken or lost in battle, and a considerable diminution must have taken place in the supply of powder, shot, and stone cannon-balls since the inspection at Cape St. Antonio. Let us, however, accept Prescott's much too brief account. There were, then, "400 foot-soldiers and 15 horses, with 7 pieces of artillery." To these must be added 1,300 Totonac allies, and 1,000 *tamanes* or porters, "to drag the guns and transport the baggage." Helps does not enter into such details, but speaks simply of the "little band, which was but the scenic counterfeit of an army."

Leaving Cortés and his "little band" to hew their way through the pathless virgin forest of the *tierra caliente*, let us hear what is said of the capital of the "thing" who refused to see the Spanish intruders.

The first sight of the Valley of Mexico, especially when obtained, as was that of the conqueror, from a certain mountain gorge some eight leagues from Cholula, is truly entrancing. Cortés does not appear to have been as much struck with the view as were his followers. The common soldiers, we are told, were "divided in their opinion of what they beheld. The more resolute among them, looking down on the wondrous cities of that mighty plain, thought of the booty it contained, and recalled a well-known proverb: 'The more Moors, the more spoil.' Those who were inclined to prudence, considering the populousness of

which they beheld so many signs, thought it was a temptation of Providence for such a handful of men to enter so mighty a kingdom." Of those "wondrous cities" the nearest was Tezcuco. Epitomising Prescott's very lengthy and glowing description of that royal and ancient capital, the learned author of "The Conflict of Science and Religion," after a vivid account of the great learning, scientific knowledge, and highly-advanced political and social life of the Aztecs, says: "At Tezcuco there was a Council of Music, which, moreover, exercised a censorship on philosophical works, as those of astronomy and history. In that city North American civilisation reached its height. The king's palace was a wonderful work of art. It was said that 200,000 men were employed in its construction. Its harem was adorned with magnificent tapestries of feather work; in its gardens were fountains, cascades, baths, statues, alabasters, cedar-groves, forests, and a wilderness of flowers. In conspicuous retirement in one part of the city was a temple, with a dome of polished black marble, studded with stars of gold, in imitation of the sky. It was dedicated to the omnipotent, invisible God. In this no sacrifices were offered, but only sweet-scented flowers and gums." If the chief city of a mere tributary state, and that by no means the most important, were so magnificent, what must the metropolis of the empire have been? Prescott's account of the city of Mexico is far too lengthy to repeat. It is a fine composition, rivalling in enthusiasm Draper's account of Tezcuco. As for Sir Arthur Helps, whose admiration of Cortés borders on adoration, he bursts out as follows: "Who shall describe Mexico; the Mexico of that age? It ought to be one who had seen all the wonders of the world; and he should have for an audience those who had dwelt in Venice and Constantinople, who had looked down upon Granada from the

Alhambra, and who had studied all that remains to be seen of the hundred-gated Thebes, of Babylon, and of Nineveh. The especial attributes of the most beautiful cities in the world were here conjoined, and that which was the sole boast of many a world-renowned name formed but one of the charms of this enchantress among cities. Well might the rude Spanish soldier find no parallel but in the imaginations of his favourite romance. Like Granada, encircled, but not frowned upon, by mountains; fondled and adorned by water, like Venice; as grand in its buildings as Babylon of old; and rich with gardens, like Damascus; the great city of Mexico was, at that time, the fairest in the world, and has never since been equalled." The imagery that follows is so sublimely high-flown that it might well make the gifted authoress of "Ardath" go green with envy.

The population of the Aztec capital, then called Tenochtitlan, has been variously estimated; but Prescott and Helps agree that it exceeded 300,000, and, according to Helps, the streets and squares were kept remarkably clean. Mexico, he says, was "not only the city of a great king, but of an industrious and thriving people." The old city has often been termed the "Venice of the western world." If there were any truth in the description given of her surroundings, the name would have been appropriate. For, we are told that, "the salt waters of Lake Tezcuco laved her shores," and also "flowed in ample canals through every part of the city." But from the earliest time that reliable accounts of Mexico were written the only canals seen within the city are the present shallow and extremely sluggish ditches, by which the overflow of Lake Chalco makes its way to Lake Tezcuco. Moreover, according to the report of M. L. Smith, Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, U.S. Army, published some forty years ago,

the mean level of Lake Tezcucó is $6\frac{1}{2}$ ft. below the great plaza; so that those "ample canals" could have had no real existence.

As the causeways play so great a part in the narrative of the conquest, a short description of those structures is necessary. We are told that they were all built of squared stones cemented with lime in a very substantial manner, "reflecting great credit on their engineers." At intervals they were crossed by canals at least twelve feet deep, and the whole of such openings were crossed by drawbridges defended by strongly fortified stone gateways, so that the raising of these bridges rendered the city almost impregnable. These roads were so wide that ten or twelve horsemen could ride abreast, and they were bordered on each side by broad canals fully twelve feet deep. Starting from Iztapalapan, on the south side, that by which Cortés first entered the city is said to have been two leagues in length. It terminated at the great square of the chief pyramid or *teocalli*. Immediately opposite, another causeway equally broad ran in a northerly direction to Tepejacac, a distance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ leagues. A third one, also "connecting the island with the mainland," went westerly and led to Tlacopan. It was by this last causeway that the Spaniards made their disastrous retreat on the ever memorable *noche triste*. Cortés mentions a fourth causeway, but Helps thinks that he alluded to the great aqueduct from Chapultepec. That structure, which it is said was destroyed during the siege, is described as consisting of a double line of pipes "each as wide as a man's body," which were set in cemented masonry.

Of the royal palaces, suffice it to say that they not only were vast in dimensions, but richly and luxuriously furnished. The largest and latest built was then occupied by Montezuma. Other large structures were attached to it,

each set apart for a special purpose, such as an armoury for the weapons and clothing of the troops; store-houses for articles of food, apparel, etc., for the maintenance of the immense imperial household; dwellings for servants, etc. In the two-storied buildings that surrounded the court yard into which the outer door of the *sala*, or hall, opened, were lodged more than 600 of the principal nobles, each of whom had with him more than 30 servants. "So that," says that veracious historian, Oviedo, "there were at least never fewer than 3,000 warriors on guard around the palace." In the palace grounds there was a magnificent aviary containing birds brought from every part of the empire, ranging from the tiny humming-bird to the most majestic eagle; 300 servants were employed in the care of the birds. Close by was a menagerie of wild beasts and reptiles, the building and contents being on a similar vast scale. As for the Emperor and his 4,000 wives, or mistresses, they lived in the greatest luxury. Montezuma took his meals alone, being served behind a screen; but the most regal ceremony was insisted upon. He changed his apparel and bathed at least twice a day, and, as he never wore the same garments more than once, those articles became the perquisites of his attendants, so that they had some 1,460 royal suits of clothes to divide among them during the year. The same course was followed with every article of table requisites, even when of the finest Cholula ware. An exception was, however, made in the case of the "service of gold," which, like the "mitred diadem" of gold and precious stones, the golden and jewelled sandals, the rich ornaments, and other costly decorations of the Emperor, were reserved for continuous use. The *ménu* of the royal meals would have satisfied even the most fastidious *gourmet* or epicure, save for one dish—"the tender flesh of young children." Fish that

had only the day before been swimming in the Gulf—a distance of more than 200 miles of laborious travel—and fruit plucked in the *tierra caliente* were brought quite fresh to table, “with the speed of steam,” by relays of runners. The repast ended, the Emperor, in company with tributary kings and attendant nobles, all in gorgeous array, indulged in the fumes of a noxious weed called *tabaco*, which, mixed with liquid-amber, they smoked through pipes “made of a varnished and richly gilt wood.”

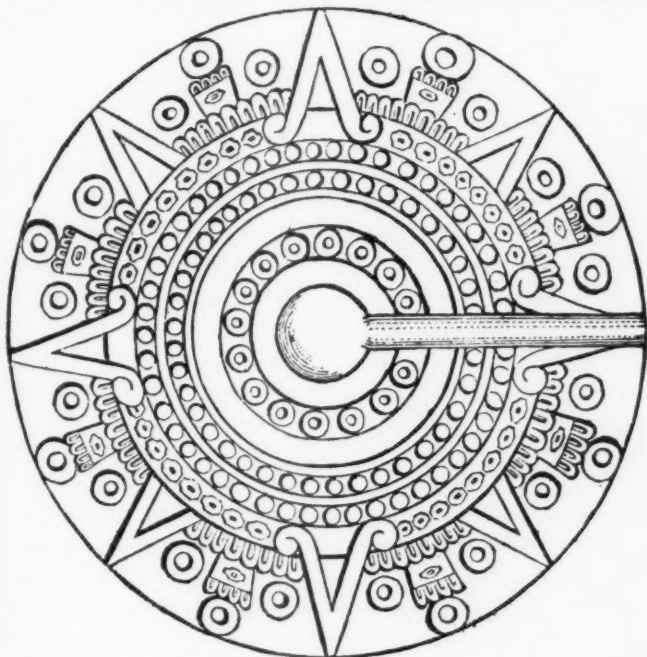
Notwithstanding the immense multitude of items of expenditure on the maintenance of the royal household, attendant nobles, of whom there were one thousand, artisans, jewellers, gardeners, dancing women, jugglers, jesters, and servants, and also on the aviaries and menageries, etc., Prescott gravely tells us that—“all the various receipts and disbursements were set down in the picture-writing of the country.” The “trustworthy” Diaz says that “a separate apartment was reserved for the hieroglyphical ledgers, which exhibited a complete view of those matters.”

I have written somewhat lengthily of the Imperial residence in the city. The other palaces, notably that at Chapultepec, deserve, on account of the superior refinement and the splendour of their adornments, greater attention. But I must forbear.

That which struck the Spaniards with the greater wonder and awe was the chief temple, or *teocalli*. Carrying out his crafty design—if he really wrote the letters ascribed to him—Cortés always terms these structures “Mosques,” thereby making it appear that he was engaged in a “holy crusade” against the “cruel Infidels.” Prescott and Helps are pretty well agreed in the descriptions they give of the truncated pyramids, called *teocallis*. The great one, said to have covered the site now occupied by the Cathe-

dral and the annexed Parish Church, was, according to Prescott, not less than 300 feet square at the base. The ascent to the area on the summit was by a steep stone staircase, not less than 100 feet high. On the summit, which was paved with broad flat stones, there were two towers, each of three stories, the lower ones of stone and stucco, and the upper ones of wood, elaborately carved. In the lower room of each was an idol; the upper rooms were for the sacred utensils, and for cinerary urns containing the ashes of deceased princes. That great pyramid, its adjuncts, and the "sacred enclosure," occupied an immense area. Cortés says: "No human tongue could describe its grandeur and peculiarities; it is so great that within its boundaries it would be easy to erect a town of 500 families." The enclosing wall was of stone and lime, ornamented externally with carved serpents, and was pierced with four huge battlemented gateways, opening in front of the principal streets. Over each of these gateways was a well-stocked armoury, to provide against any sudden attack. According to the "unimpressible conqueror," no fewer than 40 truncated pyramids rose up from within this enclosure. High over all towered the chief *teocalli*, dedicated to Huitzilopochtli, the great god of war. It is described as a solid pyramidal structure of earth and pebbles, wholly encased with hewn and squared blocks of porphyry. The shrine of that deity had its stuccoed walls sculptured with appropriate figures and emblems. At one end of the room, in a recess roofed with wood richly carved and gilt, was a colossal and repulsively hideous image. "In his right hand he held a bow, in his left a bunch of arrows; . . . huge folds of a serpent, formed of pearls and precious stones, were coiled round his waist, and the same rich gems were sprinkled over his body. On his left foot were the delicate feathers of humming-birds; . . .

a chain of alternate gold and silver hearts was suspended round his neck, emblematic of the human sacrifices in which he delighted." No wonder that the fingers of the indignant "Christian soldiers" itched to strip that horrid monster, and hurl him down the steep stairs. At the other end of the area a "terrible object" met the eye.



TOP OF THE "SACRIFICIAL STONE."

That was "a large block of jasper, the peculiar shape of which showed that it was the stone on which the unhappy victims were stretched for sacrifice." Torn out, with a stone knife, by gore-stained priests, the hearts of those victims were carried to the shrine; and, in a golden censer on the altar, placed at the feet of the idol, a constant supply of

those human hearts "lay smoking and almost palpitating." The adjoining temple was dedicated to the image of a "milder deity," Tezcatlipoca, the creator and guardian of the world. This idol was of polished black marble, "richly garnished with gold plates and ornaments." Emblematic of his power to see all that passed in the world, he held before him a shield burnished like a mirror. Five human hearts placed in a golden platter on his altar showed, however, that he also relished the butchering done in his honour. The walls of both sanctuaries, and the hair and robes of the sacrificing priests, were covered with clotted gore. If that be true, one sniff of such shambles in that climate would have been far more deadly than the atmosphere, though breathed for a week, of the most pestiferous of our slums. The lesser *teocallis* contained other idols, and on some of them human beings were slaughtered even more brutally; 136,000 human skulls, raised in one pyramidal heap, gave some idea of the immensity of the number of victims to the "accursed stone of sacrifice." In addition to the *teocallis*, there were in the enclosure many blocks of buildings serving for the residences of the priests and their attendants, numbering several thousands; for the principal seminaries or colleges; for the storage of grain, the "rich produce of *church lands*, the *first fruits*, and other offerings of the faithful," and, finally, a large mansion for strangers and pilgrims to the adjacent shrines.

The vast *tianguetz*, or market place, was a colossal bazaar, surrounded by a sort of piazza. The market was held every fifth day, when the attendance was, "at the very least," 40,000 buyers and sellers. Suffice it to say, that almost every article then offered for sale in the shops of the chief cities of Europe was here to be found on the open stalls or under the porticoes. The goldsmiths and

lapidaries made a fine show with their rare and costly wares. In addition to the usual articles of jewellery, infinite in design and of inimitable excellence in workmanship, were many marvellous toys. Models of fishes, the scales alternately of gold and of silver; of birds, with one feather of gold and the other of silver, and, like the fishes, the heads and bodies made to move; monkeys, which could move their heads and shake the rattles they held—such articles were offered for sale, and, as precious stones were freely used to set off these toys, they could only have found buyers among the wealthy. I ought to add, these movable toys were moulded, not built up. That, however, is said to be “a lost art,” like the Aztec production, from one mould, of a single piece of metal, half gold, half silver! One feature of this market must not be passed over, as it affords Helps and others a fine theme for long drawn out “moral reflections,” and that is, the slave mart. But, perhaps, the most notable was the absence of implements made of steel, iron, or bronze. The tools, like the weapons, were simply sharpened pieces of obsidian (a sort of volcanic glass), or of flint, fixed in wooden handles. Even the razor was but a piece of chipped obsidian! The management of this market, in the maintenance of order, the settlement of disputes, and the trial of offenders, surpassed in perfection that of any market in Europe.

The streets of the city were then, as now, built in straight lines, intersecting each other. Some, as in Venice, were waterways only; others had tessellated, or cemented, footpaths bordering the canals. All the streets and squares were kept well swept, but how the sewage and garbage were disposed of is not stated.

The administration of the city, the dispensation of justice, and the protection of life and property were excellent models for the authorities of any city in the world to

study and imitate. Although completely isolated, save for the vast causeways, by the "salt waves that laved her shores," the city was in close contact with several large and mostly well-fortified towns, which, practically, formed parts of the metropolis. The closer view of Mexico, obtained from Iztapalapan, struck the Spaniards with amazement, and some with fear. "So many cities and towns rising up from the water, and other places situate on terra firma, and that causeway that went straight as a level to Mexico, appeared like the enchanted castles that they tell of in Amadis, by reason of the great towers, temples, and edifices they saw, and all of them of solid masonry." "They doubted their senses," adds Diaz, "fancying it was but a dream."

We left Cortés and his "scenic counterfeit of an army" forcing their way through the pathless woods. The density of the *chaparral*, or undergrowth of those primeval forests cannot be realized from description. To cut a wide opening for many miles through the tall bushes, prickly plants, and the lower branches and young shoots of trees, closely interwoven with vine-like creepers, would not only involve excessive toil, but great delay. Laden with cumbersome weapons, and oppressed by their heavy harness, and cotton-padded clothing, they had to trudge on in the sweltering heat, often across marshes of tenacious bog-earth, and through deep swamps. Moreover, the whole time they would be exposed to the worry of such insect pests as mosquitoes, sand-flies, ants, and, above all, the horrid, blood-sucking garapatos, which would rain down on them at the slightest touch of leaves or flowers. Such fatigue and irritation must have tried to the uttermost the endurance of the hardiest. Without even a ridle-path to follow, how the cannon were got through the woods, and how the army was fed; drinking water for

men and horses found; the porters kept from bolting, and the whole force lodged at night in that moist region, we are left to conjecture. It was, moreover, the rainy season, when the rain descends in torrents; so that there would be some rapid rivers to cross, besides ponds swollen into wide and deep pools, yet we are not told of any losses of men or material. Later on mountain after mountain had to be crossed, the ascents and descents being often perilous, besides creating great bodily fatigue. The frequent transitions from the great heat of the valleys to icy cold and penetrating mists, as, when crossing Perote, an altitude of over 10,400 feet was reached, must at least have invalidated a portion of the troops.

In order to secure a powerful ally, Cortés diverged from the most direct route to the capital, by marching towards Tlaxcala. Failing to secure a hearty welcome, he resolved to force an entry into the city. Passing through several important and populous towns, his followers began to experience a sense of the danger they were running. "At one point of his march," Helps says, "he came upon a valley where, for four successive leagues, there was a continuous line of houses, and the lord of the valley lived in a fortress, such as was not to be found in the half of Spain, surrounded by walls, barbicans, and moats. He also came upon the great wall of Tlaxcala, which was nine feet high and twenty feet broad, with a battlement one and half feet in breadth. This wall was six miles long, and had an entrance like a ravelin of that day." Ere that gigantic work was reached, the advance-guard had a brush with a small band of Tlaxcalan scouts, who fought so valiantly that they killed one hidalgo and "beheaded" three of the horses. After some three or four other engagements, in the last of which Cortés asserts that he fought and overcame 149,000 Tlaxcalan warriors, "he

brought the enemy to terms." No resistance seems to have been made at the great wall, although the "truthful Diaz" says that it was "built so strongly of stone, lime, and a hard kind of bitumen, that it could have only been broken down by pick-axes."

Passing over all that relates to the triumphal entry of the Spaniards into Tlaxcala, the lengthy and heated debates in the "Senate," and the crafty double-dealing of the Christian hero, it may suffice to say that in many respects the city was but little behind the metropolis in population, buildings, and trade. The Senate refused to "quit their idolatry," but agreed to become vassals of the King of Spain.

Accompanied by some thousands of his new allies—the Totonacs had already gone home—Cortés now marched on Cholula, the capital of another tributary state. Of this—the Holy City—our historians outrival the old Spaniards in the descriptions they give. "Honest" old Diaz simply says: "It had at that time one hundred lofty towers, which were adoratories, where stood their idols, and I remember that when we entered the city and beheld such lofty towers glistening in the sun it seemed like Valladolid." Cortés says: "It is a more beautiful city from without than any in Spain, and I certify to your Highness that I counted from a mosque there 400 other mosques and as many towers, and all of them towers of mosques. It is the most fitting city for Spaniards to live in of any I have seen here, for it has some untilled meads, and water; so that cattle might be bred, a thing which no other of the cities we have seen possesses, for such is the multitude of people who dwell in these parts that there is not a hand-breadth of ground that is not cultivated"!

The stay of Cortés in Cholula was marked, if true, by a revolting act of treachery and brutality. On a frivolous

pretext his men were ordered to fall suddenly on an unarmed crowd, of whom at least 3,000 were put to the sword; the temples and chief dwellings were looted, and the garrison in the citadel, which was set fire to, burnt to death. The Cholulans having been thus *overawed*, their caciques were released and peace restored. Mindful of his duty as a true soldier of the Cross, Cortés then ordered the idols to be thrown down, "the men and boys then being fattened in the cages for sacrifice, and eating, to be released, and with the bleeding and the charred bodies of his victims around him he caused an altar and a cross to be erected."

During the fortnight's stay of the Spaniards in Cholula rich presents came from Montezuma, and the promise of much gold, to induce Cortés to return; but he refused. Crossing the cold summit of the rugged range of mountains that lies between the great plateau of Puebla and the Valley of Mexico, the route taken by the invaders was between two of the highest mountains of North America, each approximating 18,000ft. A night's shelter from the "icy winds and arrowy sleet" was, we are told, afforded by the "commodious stone buildings which the Mexican Government had placed at intervals along the road to accommodate travellers and their own couriers." Making but brief halts at the larger of the towns in the valley—all mostly built of stone and handsome in structure—the "intrepid hero" pressed forward until he reached the great causeway that divided Lake Chalco from Xochicalco. That causeway, some four or five miles long, was built of solid masonry. Multitudes of Indians in their light boats, or pirogues, flocked around the causeway, eager to gaze on the strangers. Midway across the lake was Cuiclahuac, where the allies halted. Cortés is said to have been amazed at the beauty of the buildings of that town. Further progress was impeded by the great crowds of Indians in front,

but, at length, the "royal residence" of Iztapalapan was reached. That place, according to Cortés, consisted of 12,000 to 15,000 houses. These were of stone and excellent in design, and the rooms had "roofs of odorous cedar wood, while the walls were tapestried with fine cotton stained with brilliant colours." Of the magnificent gardens, the aviaries, the grand reservoirs (with their sculptured walls), the canals, aqueducts, etc., I must refrain from any description. In brief, they surpassed anything of the kind then in Europe. Next morning Cortés started for the "enchantress of cities," only some five miles distant.

To Spaniards the 8th of November, 1519, will be ever memorable. On that day their great hero, with fewer than 400 followers—their allies being left at Iztapalapan—boldly entered the Venice of the New World. On each side the causeway they had passed other towns built on piles, and stretching far into the water. Everywhere they had evidence afforded of "a crowded and thriving population." Half a league from the capital they passed over the drawbridge and through the battlemented gateway of Fort Xoloc. Nothing daunted this little band—their bravery exceeding that of the "three hundred" at Thermopylæ. The Spartans fought from behind a wall, while here no chance of retreat was at all possible.

The account of the reception by the Emperor of Cortés and his men is too long to repeat. The gorgeousness of the display ought to have impressed the intruders, but it seems to have only excited their cupidity. Descending from a palanquin, blazing with burnished gold, and the canopy of which was of feathers powdered with jewels, that august monarch, wearing his mitred golden diadem, encrusted with rare gems, his jewelled cloak, and golden sandals, courteously received the strangers, and assigned

them the old palace for their quarters. Within eight days from the entry of the Spaniards, that "mighty emperor," despite his body-guard of 1,000 richly-clad nobles, was ruthlessly torn from his magnificent abode, and transferred to rooms in the Spanish quarters. How Cortés, for six months, virtually ruled the empire; how he then left the city and the Emperor in charge of Alvarado and 140 men, while, with a force of 220 men, he himself marched to Cempoala, and there won a marvellous victory over a very much larger force of Spaniards under Narvaez, who had been sent to depose him; how, on hearing of the revolt against Alvarado, he hastened to the relief of his besieged lieutenant, and re-entered the old palace without opposition—all this is highly interesting. But the account of the speedy renewal of the Aztec attack, the tragic death of Montezuma, and the eventual disastrous flight of the Spaniards is positively thrilling. The subsequent return of Cortés at the head of a vast host of Tlaxcalan warriors, the four months' siege of Mexico, the terrible struggles on the causeways, the bombardment of the city by the twelve brigantines, the frightful carnage, and the ultimate destruction of the entire capital, are, to the romantic, perhaps the most delightful portions of the book.

Now, let us bring common sense to bear on this wonderful narrative. Here we read of a people who for more than 1,200 years, at the very least, had had no intercourse with the Old World, its very existence to them being but a myth. Yet we find them credited with a knowledge of arts and sciences, with religious, political, and educational institutions, and with social customs closely resembling the civilization of ancient Chaldæa, Assyria, and Egypt, and even of Spain at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Many theories have been propounded to account

for this mystery. The author of "The Intellectual Development of Europe" attempts to solve the matter very easily. He says:—"The germs of civilisation being inherent in mankind, similar ideas and similar customs make their appearance *spontaneously* in the progress of civilization of different countries. . . . In the human hives of Europe, Asia, and America, the bees were marshalled in the same way, and were instinctively building their combs alike." Man, however, is endowed with mental powers, and is not actuated by instinct only. To the exercise of those powers he owes his lordship over all other animals. That he has emerged from his primitive savagery is due mainly to his early struggles for mere existence. Prolonged droughts, excessive floods, volcanic disturbances, and pestilence have compelled settled tribes to change their quarters, and thereby brought them into contact with other tribes previously widely separated. The consequent struggle for mastery has led each to adopt such of the weapons of the other as have been found the more efficacious, and also every other contrivance or custom that has been found superior to its own. The absence of such progressive and ever-widening intercourse has left man, as in Australia, a mere savage still.

For the early history of the Aztecs we have no other account than "traditions" said to have been gleaned from Indians by monks, and alleged interpretations of the so-called "Picture-writings." The meaning of those paintings lay hidden until some 80 or 90 years after the conquest, when a manuscript was put forward purporting to be an interpretation of historical facts therein recorded. A native of Tezeuco, whose euphonious name, Ixtlilxochitl, is given as the author of that writing, is said to have been aided in his work by aged Indians—very aged and very clever those Indians must have

been—and his manuscript history, founded on those paintings, has been unhesitatingly adopted even by modern writers. A careful study of that work, if deserving such trouble, must, however, convince every thoughtful historian that the alleged interpretations are mere inventions. However, according to that “learned Tezcucan,” the Aztecs, prior to their settlement in the valley of Mexico, were a tribe of wanderers, harassed for more than fifty years by their enemies the Acolhuas. In obedience to an oracle, and led by their priests, they travelled in search of a resting-place, to be indicated by a certain sign. On the westerly margin of Lake Tezcuco the sign appeared, and on that spot they settled down on the 18th of July, 1327, and there founded the city of Tenochtitlan, or Mexico. At first they were miserably poor, their dwellings being huts built of mud and straw. Hidden by tall reeds and grasses, or protected from their enemies by the swamps, they soon began to multiply and grow in strength. Such was the rapidity of their progress that in a generation or two they began a war of retaliation, which eventually culminated in the subjugation of every other nation within the limits of the future but fictitious empire, and their mud huts gradually gave place to stately edifices. When we reflect that all this wonderful change must have been effected in but little over 150 years, have we not reason to marvel?

Touching the Aztec hieroglyphs or picture-writings, there is no evidence that any of those crude paintings existed until long after the Spaniards had become well settled in Mexico. No indisputably true key to their meaning has yet been established; the interpretations given being purely arbitrary. In the Vatican, the Escorial, Dresden, Paris, and the Bodleian Library are some of those paintings; but their history is in every case extremely

doubtful. That in the Bodleian Library has turned out to be a copy, done on European paper; what is supposed to be the original being on papyrus, made from the plant called agave, and now in Dresden. The latter was purchased in Vienna in 1739; but how it came there no one knows. Doubt, moreover, has been cast on its origin, as it differs greatly in character and drawing from the other paintings, and is therefore believed not to have been the work of Indians. The fact is, these so-called hieroglyphs appear to have been inspired by the padres, and drawn by Indians under their guidance, simply in order to support the concoctions of the Spanish chroniclers. Most of those paintings, indifferently styled "maps," "codices," and "picture-writings," are reproduced—together with copies of the sculptures on the walls and monoliths (arbitrarily termed "idols") and of other prehistoric remains discovered in Mexico and Guatemala—in Lord Kingsborough's "*Antiquities of Mexico*." But, while the latter in most cases are bordered or sprinkled with objects so arranged as to look like words and sentences, the former in no wise have any resemblance to known ancient hieroglyphs. No key has yet been discovered by which the carvings on the prehistoric remains can be deciphered. The question, therefore, arises, Whence, apart from the utterly incredible interpretations of the undoubtedly spurious Aztec "picture-writings," did men like Dr. J. W. Draper obtain their authority for ascribing to the Aztecs that profound knowledge of astronomy and other abstruse sciences with which they credit those semi-savages?

That there did at some remote period dwell within the limits of the so-called Aztec empire, and on its borders, a people who had made considerable progress in the arts of civilization is indisputable. Ample evidence of the fact is afforded by the extensive ruins found, and partly

laid bare, in such places as Copán, Quirigua, and Utatlan, in Guatemala; Uxmal and Palenque, in Yucatan; and Mitla in Oajaca. In those ruins may be seen the remains of considerable edifices (possibly Buddhist monasteries), solidly constructed of blocks of stones duly squared and finely sculptured, chiefly in bas-relief. The huge monoliths are carved, not only with colossal and well-proportioned human figures, but with tablet-like groups of men and women, and other figures that are so arranged as to appear to convey a meaning, and may, therefore, be records of events in the history of the principal figure, or a relation of its attributes, if a deity. But what has not yet been established is the relationship, or otherwise, of the mysterious builders of those ancient edifices with the wanderers who founded Tenochtitlan.

In the truncated pyramids, the rounded hills, or mounds, the stone "idols," and the so-called palaces, so long hidden from view, and made difficult of approach by the dense forest in which they were enveloped and overgrown, the unreflecting think they see a corroboration of the tales told by the old chroniclers of the conquest. Scientific research has, however, fully demonstrated that those ruins had been smothered with forest growth long ages before the birth of Columbus. Traditions of the existence of such mysterious *casas de piedras* may have been current among the Indians even as late as 1520. Some venturesome hunters, or some fugitives, may at times have unwittingly come across those "stone houses," in which case instant flight would be the consequence. The huge and weird monoliths, in such a solitude, would alone inspire terror, while the less superstitious would know that those fallen stones were the lurking place of deadly snakes, and infested with scorpions, the dreaded nigua, and other forest pests. Once only a few hundred yards away, and without a clue,

to find the place again would be a work of considerable time and labour. Some of the minor and less substantial ruins found in the neighbourhood of the Valley of Mexico, notably the pyramids, or mounds, of Teotihuacan, near which the routed Spaniards passed on their flight from the capital towards Tlaxcala, may have been seen by the conquerors. Recent photographs of those structures, like the old engravings and subsequent photographs of the pyramid of Cholula, give, however, such an impression of their being but views of natural hills, that those "pyramids" may have escaped attention. But, whether Cortés, or any of his companions, saw, or did not see, any of these ruins, of this I am well convinced—the dwellings of the Aztec Emperor and nobles, the mosques, the causeways, the market-places, the fortresses, and the canals, as described by the historians of the conquest, existed purely in imagination.

Human sacrifices and cannibalism may have been practised by the Aztecs and their neighbours, even after the landing of the Spaniards. There is, however, no reliable evidence to prove it. None of the sculptures give any indication of such customs. In most countries, when men draw upon their imagination for a tale which they wish to pass off as truth, they betray themselves by unnecessary circumstantiality and reiteration. A Lancashire lad, for instance, winds up with—"It's true, it is for sure;" a Mexican adds, "I have seen it with my own eyes." Hence the constant repetition by Diaz and his congeners, that every edifice or wall they saw was of solid masonry, in stone and lime, lofty and elegant, and the careful absence of any mention of mud-brick huts. Again, the "tearing out of human hearts" with the "accursed knife of stone;" and the "accursed stone of sacrifice;" come in too often. The result of my reading and thought on this matter is an entire disbelief in those pagan and highly dramatic

sacrifices, so graphically and minutely related in these pseudo-histories. The account given by Defoe of the butchery and cooking of prisoners by the Caribs, when Friday was rescued by Crusoe, was, no doubt, far nearer the truth, if the Aztecs really were cannibals, than the relations of Cortés or of any of his historians.



THE "AZTEC CALENDAR.

Now as to the monoliths, termed "rocks," found in or near to the capital. The most famous of these is the huge cylindrical rock, the diameter of which is 11 feet 8 inches, and its weight 53,793 lbs., or a little over 24 tons, called the Aztec Zodiac, or Calendar. It was found on the 17th

December, 1790, lying in an ancient drain 18 inches below the surface of the pavement in front of the cathedral. Time will not admit of any attempt to show how the ingenious have worked out, by counting every object, and each part of an object, carved on the surface of this stone, their theories as to its zodiacal character. Just one year later another rock, somewhat similar in design, was found at the south-west corner of the cathedral. The shape of this also is cylindrical, and its diameter is eight feet. The name it bore at first was the "Sun Rock," but later on it came to be called the "Stone of Sacrifice," by which name it is still known. In the centre of this rock there is a round cavity from which a groove runs straight to one of the sides of the stone. To the imaginative, here is the evidence of the sacrificial object of this rock—"the cavity was intended to catch the blood of the victim, and the gutter to permit the overflow to drain off." Now the real explanation of those cuttings is this; the hole in the centre is of Spanish origin, and was made in order to insert a large stone cross, and the gutter was cut by a workman as the first step towards breaking up the stone for paving purposes. Other monoliths, together with grotesque statues and many small objects termed idols, are also housed in the Mexican Museum. In no single instance, however, can any one of the exhibits, great or small, be recognized as one of the idols or of the "stones of sacrifice" described by Cortés or his associates, as they differ very widely. In my judgment the whole of the sculptured monoliths were produced by Buddhist missionaries, and earlier settlers from China and Japan. The seated, cross-legged, figures on several of these monoliths, and in the sculptures on the walls, certainly bear a striking resemblance to the Chinese statues and drawings of Buddha.

The tableland of Mexico is acknowledged to have one of

the driest and purest atmospheres known in any part of the earth. Nothing really solidly built of stone and lime, nor yet the stucco on the walls, would there perish by decay for many centuries. Tenochtitlan was built on a salt marsh, interspersed with dry patches of land, chiefly where the rock crops out a foot or two above the marsh. The extremely shallow waters of Lake Tezcuco then, as now, did not come nearer, even to the outskirts of the town, than two or three miles. Every one of the principal edifices erected a few years after the conquest is still standing, or was until the revolt against Spanish rule. Where, then, is to be found even one of the many stately piles of stone-built buildings of which our historians rave? Can we believe that such was the fury of the Spanish priests at the mere sight of anything erected by the infidel that the conquerors were influenced to order the utter eradication of every vestige of "inland Venice?" Surely they would not have rooted out *every* building, notwithstanding that it was elegant in design and easily convertible into public offices or private dwellings! Then as to those stupendous stone causeways which "reflected so much credit on their engineers," why were *they* grubbed up and replaced by mere earthen embankments, as now, paved with gravel or broken stones? Was it in revenge for the losses of men and treasure therein, on the disastrous *noche triste*, that the conquerors were led to fill up those highly valuable and picturesque waterways, the canals? All that we know with certainty is that no trace of the existence of such a city as that described could be found even a hundred years ago. Here, in our own city, where frost and snow, coal smoke, and the exigencies of a growing town, play havoc with old buildings, we can still show portions of the walls of the castle built by the Romans on the

banks of the Medlock. Cholula, Tezcuco, Tlaxcala, what, then, has become of your hundreds of mosques, great palaces, and vast market-places? Do the present villages, and even mere hamlets, of white-washed, mud-brick cottages really occupy the sites you so proudly covered of yore? And you, regal Iztapalapan, with your glorious gardens and reservoirs, is this "foul and unsightly morass, the haunt of loathsome reptiles," truly the spot where once stood the palace of your princes? Every structure of Aztec times, even the six-miles-long wall of Tlaxcala—a work that would have withstood the elements for some thousands of years—has disappeared! Nothing can be found save the ruins and carvings of times long antecedent to the reputed foundation of the city of Mexico. How is that to be explained? Is this not the true answer?—No such cities existed save in the imagination of the old Spanish chroniclers. Were further evidence of the falsity of those accounts needed, we have but to turn to the weapons, the tools, and other implements, they employed, to show that the Aztecs were even less civilized than the Matabele. Their most formidable weapon was the *maguahuitl*, called by the Spaniards a sword. Helps description of that "sword" is most amusing. He gravely tells us that it was "of a most fearful nature and aspect," and with it the head of a horse had in battle been entirely severed from the body at one stroke! According to the drawing and description he gives, this "terrible instrument" was a very stout stick, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, the lower half of which had on each side four pieces of sharpened obsidian, three inches wide, set at intervals, and fixed to the stick with gum-lac! Their other weapons were slings and stones; bows and arrows, the heads of which were chippings of obsidian or flint; wooden spears, with points of flint or obsidian; and axes of like construction. Their

building tools were similar to their weapons, being without any hard metal, such as bronze, iron, or steel; and moreover, they had no beast of burden or draught, such as the horse or the ox, everything having to be carried or dragged by their own hands. How, then, could they have quarried those huge monoliths or built those magnificent palaces? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that their kings were lodged no better than Lobengula? In fact, we have only to turn to the accounts given by the Spaniards of the savages with whom they fought in Tabasco to form a rational idea of the condition of the Aztecs.

Rude as the weapons of the Mexicans were, we are told that the people displayed "a fierce and pertinacious bravery, like that of the Jews," and were also marvellously well-skilled in archery. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were in the greater part, like their leader, not trained soldiers, but the rakings of the adventurers swarming in the islands. Their arms, picked up in Cuba piece-meal, were assuredly, even then, old-fashioned. These consisted of the matchlock gun called an arquebus, difficult to load, and slow in fire; the cross-bow, a clumsy and cumbersome affair; the sword, and the pike. As for the cannon and the falconets, we have only to look at those articles as represented in the pictures of the period—say the beginning of the reign of our Henry VIII.—to judge of their value in resisting the rush of an overwhelming crowd of Indian warriors. The defensive armour of the bulk of the adventurers was merely an iron helmet and a leathern coat lined with quilted cotton. The Indians, on the other hand, had their heads protected with bunches of feathers, and their bodies by shields covered with toughened hides. What, then, must we think of such victories as that gained over the 149,000 Tlaxcalans? The building of the brigan-

tines that were launched at Tezcuco, and which carried one of the divisions of the avenging army to the doomed capital—that also is a matter for thought. We are told that Tlaxcalan Indians—who had never seen a ship—built those vessels *in sections* for transport by carriers; that the rigging, sails, and other accessories were carried up from the port of Villa Rica, and, when all was ready, those materials were transported from Tlaxcala to Tezcuco, a distance of 60 miles, across high mountains, on the heads and shoulders of 8,000 porters. There the pieces were put together, a canal 12ft. deep and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long dug, and the ships launched on the Lake. That these brigantines were not mere rafts, or large canoes, we learn, as we are told that “a breeze springing up they bore down on the shoals of light craft of the enemy with a fatal impulse, crushing them together.” To accurately shape those sections of the ships with stone implements argues something more than ordinary knowledge of carpentry, and is, in fact, wholly incredible. But as nothing deeper than a light punt could get from Lake Tezcuco anywhere near to the capital, those brigantines, like the canals, must be taken as purely a myth. Touching the articles of jewellery made by the Aztecs, the fact that not one of those miraculous jointed fishes and animals, which so “astonished the court of the King of Spain,” has been preserved in any museum or private collection, speaks volumes. One writer (Mr. W. W. Blake, of the city of Mexico) ventures to suggest that those precious objects found their way into the melting pot and were turned into coin! Surely a far greater amount of coin could have been got by their sale. The matter of the “moulds,” however, disposes of the whole of this figment.

Many other matters might be mentioned in support of my postulate, but they must be dispensed with. To sum

up, I shall only say that I am fully persuaded that the manuscript writings of the old chroniclers and Court historiographers (mostly priests) were, in the main, artful inventions. The myths of the old Greeks and Romans, the Mishna of the Talmud, the priestly fables told to Herodotus during his travels in Egypt, Palestine, and Babylon; and the tales told of the splendour and luxury of the Moorish cities of Spain during the height of its Arabian rule—all these seem to have been drawn upon, and the material dressed in fantastic garb, to make up these *historias* and *relaciones*. To those crude concoctions modern writers have, perhaps unwittingly, "let the mind, as well as the eye, add something of its own." That, even in the city of Mexico, little faith is placed in these *relaciones*, is evidenced by the general reluctance of the padres to discuss the subject, especially with reference to the "wondrous" cities and towns described as so thickly bordering the lake. Then as to the enormous loss on the "sad night" in gold, silver, and precious stones—the accumulated booty of the invaders, got while looting the towns on their march, the temple and palaces of the capital, and the treasury of the fallen Emperor—how is it that no attempt, public or private, has ever been made to recover those riches? The details of the flight along the causeway of Tlacopan, and the spots where the treasures were sunk, are both ample and specific. A portable bridge had been constructed to enable the Spaniards and their allies to cross the openings in the causeway. This bridge, it is said, stuck fast at the second opening, "before those in the rear had entirely traversed the first." Assailed on all sides by "myriads of the infuriated enemy," the fugitives pressed forward, "trampling down the weak and the wounded, heedless whether they were friends or foes." The "chasm" was soon filled up with the matter forced

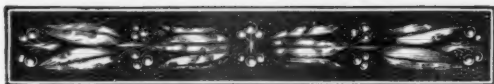
into it, consisting mostly of "ammunition waggons, heavy guns, bales of rich stuffs, chests of solid ingots, and bodies of men and horses." Over that hideous bridge those who were in the rear managed to clamber, and join their friends. A chapel was built, later on, close by the scene of that "terrible rout and slaughter, to commemorate that event." It was, however, at the third, which was the last, opening, that the heaviest loss in treasure occurred. There, few save those able to swim, and also divested of all heavy articles of plunder, effected their escape; the over-burdened, in every case, perishing in the water. Now, a few shafts sunk in the spots indicated, would, at a small expense, prove how far this thrilling tale is true; for heavy guns, chests of ingots of gold and silver, armour and weapons of steel, and such weighty articles would not float away, but be still there in mute testimony of the truth. We are told that many of the royal jewels and precious stones were sent to the King of Spain, including "pearls as big as hazel nuts," immense emeralds, etc. If so, what became of them? As to the treasure in gold and silver so sent, my contention is that it was the result of the enforced labour of the Indians under the lash of the conquerors, and formed no part of the booty taken from the Aztec King and his chiefs, who knew not the art of mining nor that of the extraction of the precious metals from the ore. In the Mexican Museum there are a few articles made of the precious metals, which are very curious and interesting. The workmanship is, however, very simple, and, as they do not belong to the Aztec era, they cannot be cited in proof of the accounts given of the great wealth of Montezuma, nor of the skill of his jewellers.

Long as this paper is, I fear that I should fail in my endeavour were I to conclude without stating how I account for the general agreement of the old Spanish chroniclers in

the matters that I impugn. Permit me, therefore, in the first place, to remind you of the state of literature in Spain at the time when those narratives were written. The revolutionary movement initiated by Luther and his adherents against Papal supremacy and the usages of the Romish Church had at last begun to show itself in Spain. To check its progress the Inquisition "applied its usual remedies," but not with complete success. Horrified by the extent and long continuance of the resort to the *thumbscrew*, the *rack*, and the *stake*, the more humane sought other methods of repression. A strong effort to revive attachment to the ancient religion was deemed to be the most potent. Every means that could be devised to further that object was, therefore, adopted. One of the objects sought to be accomplished was that of diverting the public mind from the "pernicious doctrines" taught by the Reformers. That branch of the work was undertaken by the Jesuits. The creation of a popular literature formed a leading feature of their scheme. Throughout the kingdom a passionate love of Oriental invention, imbibed during the Moorish occupation, still held the people under its sway. The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" and "Amadis de Gaula" were more widely known and cherished than any other work in the whole field of literature. To combine history with romance was, therefore, sure to please, and its success led to the appointment of such men as the dramatist Solis as historiographer to the king. Nothing was then known in Europe, save to a few monks and the Court of Spain, of what was then termed New Spain, beyond the "yarns" told by illiterate Spanish and Portuguese sailors and adventurers, which were a tissue of blundering falsehoods. Here, then, was a fine field for invention! The Conquest of Mexico alone formed an admirable subject to turn to such

account. By transforming the cruel and rapacious Cortés into a great Christian hero, who, with a mere handful of Spaniards, had overcome huge armies of infidels, thrown down their idols, destroyed their mosques, and set up everywhere the Altar and the Cross, they not only fed the national vanity, but exalted the old religion. To carry out the illusion, even almost down towards the close of the eighteenth century, "longlost" manuscripts, as in the case of Father Sahagun's history, and "picture writings," were continuously being "discovered" in out-of-the-way monasteries or public archives. In these manuscripts half naked barbarians were described as mighty kings and nobles; bunches of feathers and the skins of wild animals were depicted as helmets and armour of burnished gold or jewel-sprinkled robes; wigwams were transformed into magnificent palaces, and fish bones and pieces of volcanic glass became nose and lip rings of gold and precious stones. As Mexico for nigh on 300 years was as rigidly closed against European travellers as China, and as those pious fictions had been adopted by both Church and State throughout Spain and her colonies, no one dared to challenge their truth, the terrors of the Inquisition sufficing to still both tongue and pen.

Read as a *romance*, but few works rival in interest Prescott's narrative of the Conquest of Mexico. But, viewed as a history, it is, I contend, almost worthless.



THE ALL-ROUND MAN.

BY J. D. ANDREW.

IN Terence's play, "The Self Tormentor," when Chremes takes upon him to remonstrate with his neighbour, Menedemus, for mowing and toiling in the field, instead of living at ease as a man of his quality should do, he is met by the retort, "Chremes, have you so much leisure from your own business as to mind another man's that doesn't concern you?" Then says Chremes, "I am a man, and I consider that every thing which concerns humanity concerns me." "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" Here, in this immortal sentiment, which, Augustine tells us, was received by the whole audience with enthusiastic plaudits, the nameless African slave struck a key-note to which the great heart of humanity beat responsive, and, written by approving ages in letters of gold, the words have come down to us to be at once the charter and the motto of the All-round Man.

The true signification, however, is not quite what it is to be feared Chremes attached to it. To that inquisitive busybody it afforded an excuse for poking his nose into other people's business, and having a finger in every pie. But the All-round Man is no Paul Pry; his interest in humanity is of a loftier kind. He is a microcosm; the great world contains no essence—no quiddity—which you shall not find in him. He assimilates, and is assimilated.

He is capacious and expansive; he is, as it were, the circle on the pool—ever growing, ever stretching to enlarge itself, until it merges in eternity.

"Creation's heir," the whole universe is his. He is not content to be hemmed in by the narrow confines of the little nook where fate has lodged him, but, seeking the open, he climbs the mountain tops, that he may enjoy an extended horizon, and "survey mankind from China to Peru."

"Not to know what is in the world," says Marcus Aurelius, "and not to know what is done in the world; comes much to the same thing, and a man is one way no less a stranger than the other. He is no better than a deserter that flies from public law. He is a blind man that shuts the eyes of his understanding, and he is a beggar that is not furnished at home, but wants the assistance of another. He that frets himself because things do not happen just as he would have them, and secedes and separates himself from the law of universal nature, is but a sort of an ulcer of the world, never considering that the same cause which produced the displeasing accident made him too. And, lastly, he that is selfish, and cuts off his own soul from the universal soul of all rational beings, is a kind of voluntary outlaw."

Our hero is something more than a mere student of humanity—a looker-on at life. Of like compound as his fellow-man, owning a common father, and rejoicing in a universal brotherhood, while he breathes the breath of life,

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,

affect him. The social instinct moves him, emulation urges him on, love inflames him, philosophy strengthens him, religion inspires him—and behold! "The All-round Man."

He has a lively interest in life, and whatever the world is doing. If there be a feast spread, be sure his jaws are wagging at the board, nor is he the man to stand aside in the day of battle. Though he touches everything, he sets forth no claim to be a universal genius or a matchless Crichton,

Who talketh Greek with us,
Like great Busbequius,
Diceth like Spaniard,
Danceth like galliard,
Tilts like Orlando,
Does all man can do.

But though, perchance, he may not himself play first fiddle in the orchestra, he repines not, so long as he has a part in the harmonious concord. You may flout him as a "Jack of all trades and master of none," but he has no pretensions to be a master, and would rather be a handy-man all-round than a proficient in chair legs. He is a rolling stone that gathers no moss—not wishing to gather any, as he prefers polish. If he be, indeed, Creation's heir—"the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time"—shall he not enjoy his heritage? Shall he not make the best of this world and strive to make it better? When Mr. Mallock asked "Is life worth the living?" *Punch* replied, "That depends upon the liver." But though vultures gnaw his liver, his soul retains its seat—though dyspepsia seize him, the sun still shines. The judge, racked by the pains of cancer, sits unmoved on the bench; the wit, dying, jests at his emaciation. When the Chitterlings assure Friar John they are all at his command, and will live and die by him, "Live, live," says Friar John, "in God's name, but die by no means." And shall a man live and not enjoy life? "Is life worth living?" The All-round Man has no doubt about it, and so lives while he lives. Though he have but bones set before him, see

how diligently he extracts the marrow. He takes a flint, and from it strikes fire. He reaps where he has not sown, and gathers the harvest of the ages. The world is his boon companion, and man is his minister. He is a busy bee in a garden full of flowers.

To the All-round Man the pleasures of life are no vain, unsubstantial shadows, but veritable and tangible. Whatever men do is of interest to him, and what honest men do he delights in. In reading he is omnivorous; you may know him by his perusal of the newspaper. Some there are who, after eagerly devouring the latest football reports, lay down the sheet satiated; others go not beyond the Stock Exchange intelligence; others the politics; and so forth. But he, *more suo*, sucks out the quintessence of all things. You shall see him—now rummaging the old book-stall, now selecting the latest sensation at Mudie's. He is a good liver, and thinks that partridge is to be preferred to beans, and that Noah deserved well for planting the first vineyard. His morals are no worse for his tobacco, and his smoking is spiritualised. Lovely woman charms him, but he stoops not to folly. Wealth attracts, but he grovels not in avarice. The arts, Painting, Music, Poetry, appeal to him not in vain.

The world of Recreation finds its due place as a *part* of his world. Though he no longer wield the willow a good cricket match delights him, and with a fond remembrance he expatiates on the deeds of such heroes as Alf. Mynn and George Parr. He may not himself, perchance, play football; he may not sanction his son—being an only son—to indulge therein, but a goal well won—a victory hardly gained—calls forth his admiration, although, perchance, a distaste of cold feet has prevented his bodily presence at the conflict. He may not be able to hit a haystack, but the gun has charms for him when judiciously and carefully handled by

another, though he would rather that other would forsake his "battues" and "drives" and revert to the practice of better days. He appreciates the delights of the angler, and recalls many happy hours spent now in watching the nodding float, now in flogging some mountain stream. The cry of the hounds is music in his ear, and he drinks to the memory of "John Peel" as one long loved and lost. He knows what it is to breathe the breezes of Epsom Downs, and to see the horses come round Tattenham Corner, while the deafening roar of many thousands—such a sound as nowhere else is heard—goes up to the placid sky. In short, whatever pleases man is food for him. He may deplore the rascality—the depravity—which accompanies, but he has this genial maxim, "*Abusus non tollit usum*"—"The abuse of a thing taketh not away the lawful use thereof"—an aphorism he would fain have written that they who run may read.

The All-round Man is of necessity a clubable man. From his experience of human nature he knows that man is a fallible animal, and so does not expect too much from him. From the same source he has also learnt how to be "all things to all men," and so, perhaps, saves many. For along with a knowledge of humanity, goes loving kindness. Shall he, who knows what men *have* done, despair of *any* man?—he who knows *himself* despise another? Are we not all "sib"? Whether we hark back to Mother Earth or Father Adam, the result is the same, and "a man's a man for a' that." That the All-round Man should be a lover of nature is a matter of necessity. It is not requisite that he should be able to pass a competitive examination in the "ologies," and give the precise Latin term for a mayflower; but woe to him, if bird and beast and flower interest him not—if he do not feel the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or if he can see with apathy Orion climb the

horizon, or Charles's Wain rise above the chimney tops.
Wretched man, if it come to be recorded of him that—

A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

To the All-round Man the world of nature is a world of associations—religious, mythological, historical, poetical—which renew themselves with the spring, and people his sylvan haunts with the spirits of the past. God Pan still lurks with Echo in the woods; Fauns and Dryads peep out at Diana, as the stately goddess passes along the glade. On the sward trip fairies in a merry ring. Narcissus is pining at the fountain. A drowning knight is casting at his lady-love's feet a forget-me-not. Kings and heroes, priests and saints, nay, the Blessed Virgin herself, appear to him as he plucks the wayside weeds, or gathers the garden posy. Chaucer wakes him early to seek the daisy—

When it upriseth early by the morrow.

He goes a Maying with Herrick, and learns to love with Wordsworth—

The silence that is in the starry skies,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Then, looking "through Nature up to Nature's God," the All-round Man is religious. Not, mind you, with the sour cantankerous creed of the man who delights in contemplating a crowded Hell and a rigidly exclusive Heaven; who, as it were, makes his Deity to be as cross-grained and peevish as himself, but as one who, loving his fellow-man, conceives his own love is but as nothing to the all-embracing love of the Father. Religion gilds his life. He has, from time to time, his doubts, perchance, but what of that? He says, with Bishop Blougram—

Sleep, dream a little, and get done with it,
The sooner the better, to begin afresh—
What's midnight's doubt, before the dayspring's faith?

The All-round Man, though not as common as one would like, is by no means a rarity, thank God! He is a necessity to society; he lubricates the wheels of life, sweetens its bitter potions, adds savour to the dish, and crowns the cup. Take him away and you reduce the universe to a fortuitous concourse of discordant atoms, and silence the harmony of the spheres. He is as blessed as the sun, and as welcome as the flowers of May. To such an one surely was it said—

Pouring thy wealth of heart on all around,
Much-loving thou, thyself art much beloved;
Nor voice of child, or bird, nor hum of bee,
Nor aught that *touches*, in the world were found,
But must awaken thy quick sympathy.

So "Vivat et floreat!"

But there is another aspect of the All-round Man. We have hitherto considered him as a social animal. Let us now take a more egoistic view, and regard him as a stoic; say, a sort of Hermit Crab. When all mankind were destroyed by the deluge except Deucalion and his wife, we are told that, in obedience to the oracle of Themis, to re-people the world, they cast behind them stones, which at once became men and women. Hence, doubtless, the diversities of the human race, which may be classified thus: First, we have stones which are mere shale—contemptible scaplings, refuse, utterly worthless, except to fill up a void. These are the men who exist, because—God help them—they cannot help it; living nonentities and walking shadows, the stunted starvelings of Mother Nature.

Then there are the splinters—a most objectionable class. Narrow-minded are they. Faddists, with one point, ever striving to pierce their way. It may be in this man Tee-totalism, in that Vegetarianism, in one Politics, in another Football, or heaven knows what; but in all alike is to be

seen an utter indifference to the opinions of the rest of mankind, and a complete ignoring of everything under the sun save what concerns their own particular hobby.

Others are many-cornered, angular. These are bad to build with; you do not take kindly to them, and you cannot well sit upon them. They are provocative of bad language, and controversial. They are like Mary, "quite contrary;" like Dick's hatband, which went round nineteen times, and then would not meet. They may have as many good qualities as a plum-pudding, but, like that, they never agree with you. They are sent into the world as apples of discord. They will infallibly tread on your favourite corn, and, if you will allow them, prove that you are—always were, and always will be—an unmitigated fool. They are the worm in the bud, the canker in the tree; they are as sour as a crab, and as cross as two sticks, and so—the devil take them!

But there is one more—rounded by circumstances, polished by experience—the All-round Man—agreeable to the hand, and pleasant to the sight. Spherical, and so perfect in form as the planets which rule the sky. Compact and self-contained, he has, perchance, "that within which passeth show."

His mind to him a kingdom is—and a kingdom, too, of which no power on earth can deprive him. His soul, unshaken, sits upon its throne. "Let what may happen, *he* is free. Neither poverty, nor death, nor chains affright him; brave in the checking of his appetites, and in contemning honours; he is perfect in himself, polished, and round, so that nothing can retard him in his level course, against whom misfortune ever advances ineffectually." "In seipso totus, teres atque rotundus." Such is the All-round Man.



HAYDN—1732-1809.

BY ROBERT PEEL.

PERHAPS some may think that an article on Haydn in a magazine devoted to literature is a little out of place, seeing that he has no claim whatever to be considered as a literary man. Well, that train of thought might be allowed if he had only been an exponent of an art which had no connection with letters. But when we consider that Haydn was an exponent—and a mighty one, too—of an art sister to that of letters, and which oftentimes is found in such conjunction with it, that to sever the two is to weaken, if not destroy, the beautiful result which the combination of both alone can bring about—if we look at the question from that point, the propriety of devoting a little space to the memory of one who has added so much to our wealth of art becomes no longer debatable.

It may even be urged that to omit such notice would be acting unfairly towards one who has advanced the art with which he was connected, and who has left behind him works at once beneficial and beautiful.

Music is one of the arts—one of the fine arts—one of the finest of the arts. Some claim for it a place hardly second to any other. To quote the lines of the Ettrick Shepherd:

is not surprising to learn that at a very early age he was placed where he would obtain as much education as possible at the least expense to his parents.

At the age of five he left home for the house of his cousin Frankh at Hainburg. Here, as Haydn himself says, he was given more blows than victuals, and although Frankh himself was strict enough in musical matters, personally the little fellow seems to have been neglected, so much so that he said "he was becoming a dirty little urchin, and had to wear a wig for the sake of cleanliness." There was not in the boyhood of Haydn that extraordinary musical precocity evinced, such as is to be met with in the history of the youthful Mozart. Therefore there is not in his case that collection of astounding musical stories and proofs of genius that, like a spangled floor, cover the juvenile path of his younger contemporary. But one laughable incident occurred during his stay in this locality. A great church festival was to take place, which, of course, included a procession through the town by the choristers. At the last moment the drummer in the band fell ill, and no one could be found to take his place. Frankh, who was schoolmaster and a kind of musical director, called for Haydn, and showing him how to make the stroke, bade him practise it. He did so. He found a meal tub, stretched a cloth over the top, set it on a stool, and began to drum away with such energy that the stool was overturned, and himself covered with meal dust. But he learnt the stroke, and, taking his place in the solemn procession, taxed the gravity of the onlookers by the spectacle of a little fellow six years old beating a big drum carried by a hunchback, as a bearer of ordinary height would have raised the instrument quite out of his reach.

When he was between seven and eight years old he was admitted a member of St. Stephen's Cathedral choir at

Vienna. Now Haydn's mother had always cherished secret hopes that he would one day enter the priesthood, while the father's highest ambition was that his gifted son—for he was gifted—would in due time become a Capellmeister. Both were delighted at this promotion, and each saw in it the first step toward the fulfilment of their hearts' desires.

Haydn remained in the choir until he was about 17 years of age. About this time his voice began to show signs of breaking, and on one occasion the Empress declared that Joseph Haydn "sang like a crow," and requested that his place as a leading singer should be taken by his brother Michael, whose voice was stronger and of a better quality. That, of course, was done, and from this time the Capellmeister was on the lookout for an excuse to discharge him.

An opportunity soon came. He had got a new pair of scissors, and was trying their quality on whatever came in his way. A schoolfellow's pigtail hung temptingly before him, and he could not resist the desire to again test their edge. He cut it, and for punishment it was decreed that he should be caned on his hand. He said he would not undergo the indignity; that he would leave first. "So you shall," said the Capellmeister, "but you shall be caned first." And so it happened that Haydn found himself in the streets of Vienna one night in November, 1749, homeless and penniless, and without any future prospects whatever.

After wandering about all night, one Spangler, a tenor singer, took pity on him and gave him food and shelter for a time. Here Haydn remained, and somehow got through the winter. As his host was but poor, Haydn lessened the expense to him by playing the violin at balls and arranging compositions. Soon after this a fortunate event happened. A tradesman, Buchholz by name, either out of charity or faith in Haydn, lent him un-

conditionally 150 florins. This matter deserves mention because it serves to show Haydn's character. In his first will he bequeaths—"To the jungfrau Anna Buchholz 100 florins, in remembrance that in my youth and extreme need her grandfather made me a loan of 150 florins, without interest, which I faithfully repaid 50 years ago."

This loan enabled Haydn to rent a garret partitioned off from a large room. It was in bad repair; no stove; and the roof let in the rain so much that he was drenched as he lay in bed. In this room he practised continually on his old clavier; studied composition, and the only two books he had. At length, by giving lessons for small remuneration, playing the violin in orchestras and organ in churches, he managed to save up enough money to purchase a new musical work, viz., Six Sonatas, by C. P. Emanuel Bach. Further, the hiring of that garret was a most fortunate circumstance for him, as it was the cause of his being noticed by the Italian poet, Metastasio, who lived on the third storey of the same building, and who was the means of his being afterwards introduced to some of the leading musicians of Vienna.

This Italian supervised the education of the children of Martinez, Master of the Ceremonies to the Papal Nuncio, and he appointed Haydn music master to Marianne, his favourite pupil. Haydn had to go with her to the house of Porpora, her singing master, in order to play her accompaniments. Old Porpora, in return for this assistance, threw, as it were, at Haydn, bits of instruction in composition, which were only too gratefully accepted by the young man. He acted now and then as valet to the old maestro, brushing his clothes, and even blacking his boots; putting up with many hard words, as he well knew the value of the information he was getting.

Porpora was at this time giving lessons to the mistress of the Venetian Ambassador, and Haydn's services were again found useful as accompanist. It was while acting in this capacity that he became acquainted with many musicians, among them Glück.

He was now getting known, and widening the circle of his acquaintances and admirers. Among these latter was one Baron von Fürnberg, who invited him to take the direction of his musical parties at his country seat. Soon after this the accomplished and noble-minded Countess von Thun, hearing some of his compositions, expressed a desire to be introduced to him. Haydn was informed of this, and accordingly presented himself before her. She, seeing a young man shabbily clothed and somewhat uncouth in his manner, was a little suspicious of an imposition, and questioned him very closely. But when he told her, in his natural way, about his early life, his struggles with poverty and difficulties, she was convinced of his honesty and talent, and became at once a warm friend and enthusiastic admirer; and it is more than likely that her influence was joined to that of others in procuring for him the post of Capellmeister to Count Morzin, a Bohemian nobleman.

Haydn, although he was now fairly on the ladder of promotion, did not for a moment relax his efforts to improve himself, and make progress. Sometimes he devoted as much as 16 or 18 hours a day to steady work, and never lost an opportunity of adding to his knowledge and making himself master of his art.

He did not remain very long in the service of Count Morzin; for that nobleman, finding himself compelled to curtail his expenses, discharged his musical establishment, but not without first interesting himself to find a situation for his favourite, Haydn.

It so fell out that at this juncture Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy was staying with Count Morzin. The Prince, while on this visit, was struck with the vigour and originality of some of Haydn's compositions, and the Count had no difficulty in persuading the Prince to engage him as his assistant or second Capellmeister.

This was the turning point in Haydn's career. From henceforth all struggling for a livelihood, all difficulty in maintaining himself, all fighting for a position came to an end; the years of his apprenticeship seem to have been served, and we have him now only as an accomplished musician and as a composer whose daring flights were the wonder and envy of many of his contemporaries.

Soon after Haydn's engagement by Count Morzin he took the one false step in his career; a step, the effects of which threw a dark shadow over the whole of his domestic life. He got married. Being at the impressionable age of 28, he fell in love with one of his pupils—a daughter of a hairdresser named Keller. Unfortunately his passion was not returned, and worse still, he learned the admired one was bent on becoming a nun, which determination she afterwards carried out. But old Keller was determined not to allow the rising musician to escape him—so eligible a son-in-law must be secured—so he managed to persuade Haydn to console himself by marrying the elder sister, Maria Anna.

Now it would be difficult to imagine two persons less fitted to be yoked together as man and wife than this couple. Here was a man whose soul was in his art, whose only aim—whose almost only desire—was to elevate it; who through it expressed all his ideas and emotions, and who not only lived by it, but absolutely for it. Yet this man was fettered to a woman who cared nothing for him and less for his genius, and who turned out a perfect shrew.

He himself said of her, that "it was all the same to her whether he were an artist or a cobbler." How could two such divergent dispositions harmonise? It was almost impossible, and was rendered actually so by the fact that their union was childless. The whole picture of his married life is a lamentable one. Now Haydn was especially domesticated. His regular habits; punctuality at meals; his being reliable, orderly, and neat in all his arrangements; his kind disposition and liking for domestic quietness, all fitted him admirably for that comfortable home-life which for nearly 60 years of his career was denied him. One may almost say it was fortunate that circumstances prevented them from living together for some portions of their married life: it was certainly so for posterity. They were formally separated after his return from London in 1792.

Perhaps it may be as well here to say a word or two on Capellmeisters, about whom one reads so much when looking into the musical life of the last century in Germany. In this country we have never had their exact counterpart. Here the noble families never seemed to have had a desire for, or see a duty in, maintaining such musical establishments as were to be found in what is now called Germany, Austria, and Hungary.

There the nobility maintained a semi-independent state, conducting their affairs as if they were almost on an equality with the Emperor, and at times carrying themselves as being but little inferior to the crown itself. During the last century the fashion was turned by the Court at Vienna in the direction of music. The nobility followed the example, and no nobleman considered his establishment complete unless he had his body of musical performers—as large and capable as his means would allow—headed by a Capellmeister of more or less distinction.

Some, who thought little of music for itself, still went to the expense of keeping up a musical establishment, rather than be thought uncultured or inferior in taste to the Emperor. Many others took the same course, but, no doubt, derived from it a pleasure proportionate to its cost. Among these latter may be classed Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy. He had as his Capellmeister one Werder. Werder, being old, Haydn was, as before mentioned, engaged as assistant Capellmeister; but, strange to say, no sooner had the Prince promised Haydn this post than he forgot all about it. Months went by and Haydn heard nothing about his new duties. Friedberg, who was leader in the orchestra, advised Haydn to compose a symphony, and it was so arranged that it was performed on the Prince's birthday. This called Haydn to his remembrance, and soon afterwards the appointment was ratified, on May 1st, 1761.

The duties of a Capellmeister were strictly confined to the direction of the music, both sacred and secular, to the keeping all matters connected therewith in a proper state of efficiency; and his position in the household of one of these notables was very similar to that of an upper servant.

In the form of agreement between Haydn and the Prince, among other things it was set forth that "when-ever the orchestra performed before company, every one had to be in uniform; to follow all instructions given, and appear in white stockings, white linen, powdered, and either with a pigtail or tie-wig. He had to instruct the female vocalists, and to practise on all the instruments on which he was proficient; he could board at the officers' table or have half a gulden a day in lieu of this, and his salary was to be 400 florins a year, paid quarterly."

When Haydn went to Eisenstadt he found that the Capelle numbered in all sixteen members, the orchestra being at times augmented by the inclusion of the school-masters of the neighbouring villages, and by there being pressed into its service any member of the household who could play an instrument.

Well was it for Haydn and music that the wheel of fortune turned round so as to leave him Capellmeister to the Esterhazys. The fickle jade for once was kind and fairly consistent, as the opportunities thus afforded him for exercising his genius could hardly have been exceeded had he been elsewhere or in any other capacity.

Before he had been in his new post a year, Prince Paul died, and was succeeded by his brother Nicolaus. This prince is best known to the world by his diamond-covered coat. He was immensely rich, and by his lavish display of wealth and generous patronage of the arts, like Lorenzo de Medici, he earned for himself the title of "The Magnificent." His friends loved him, and his servants adored him. Haydn did both, and remained true to him to the very end.

Now, although circumstances appeared to be quite satisfactory, there were one or two drawbacks. The male portions of the Capelle who were married were not always allowed to have their wives with them at Eisenstadt. Not that that arrangement affected Haydn so much as others; only it created a feeling of unrest among the Capelle. But the principal objection was that the Capelle were, at this country place, completely isolated from Vienna and all beyond, and had no opportunity of being in touch with their fellow artists and the musical world in general.

Haydn was quite aware of the disadvantages resulting from this almost constant confinement, but he also saw

clearly enough the counterbalancing advantages; for when he was made full Capellmeister in the room of old Werder, deceased, he had a free hand in all matters concerning his position, and was quite at liberty to experiment as to the value of the results to be obtained from particular combinations, and judge whether certain innovations were worth following up or not. This privilege, as may be imagined, he made free use of. But, as "every misery has its mercy," that very isolation compelled him to fall back upon himself, and give full bent to the inclination of his genius, with the result that instrumental music was raised to a height it had never reached before.

When Nicolaus began to rule at Eisenstadt his influence was at once felt. The Capelle were stimulated by the enthusiasm and generosity of the Prince: all their salaries were raised. Haydn received 600 instead of 400 florins, and this was soon after increased to 782 florins a year. Their number was now 21—namely, 7 vocalists and 14 instrumentalists, having as principals artists of a very high order.

It was in 1766 that he was made full Capellmeister to the Esterhazys, thus reaching the goal of his early ambition; and until 1790 his life was spent chiefly at Eisenstadt and Esterhaz in composing and conducting music for his beloved master and patron.

In one sense this period was uneventful; days, months, and years following one another without much change. All appeared to go well, and Haydn seemed happy and contented. But it was during this period that our hero showed that he was no more than human. Poor Haydn got entangled with the fair sex—once in particular with a certain female singer in the Capelle, a matter which in after years he sincerely regretted. But it must in fairness be said, that had his domestic hearth been what it ought

to have been, such an episode would have been impossible, and the sense of pity would not have grown to one of affection for an object which was at once captivating, mercenary, and heartless.

In 1789 inducements were offered to him to come to London, but he declined all overtures. However, in the following year Prince Nicolaus died at Vienna, and Haydn was now, after a term of nearly 30 years, almost free to turn his steps in whichever direction he chose. Not quite; but almost free, because, although the Capelle was discharged by Nicolaus' successor, Anton—only a few being retained to render the church services—Haydn was still nominally Capellmeister to the Esterhazys.

It was not long before he was again assailed. Only a few weeks after, as he was at work one morning, a strange visitor was announced, who introduced himself thus: "My name is Salomon; I have come from London to fetch you; we will settle terms to-morrow." Terms were settled, and having obtained leave from the new Prince, on December 15th in the same year the two left Vienna for London.

Haydn landed at Dover on New Year's Day, 1790. It would take too long to relate all the goings out and comings in during this his first stay in this country. He was lionised, made much of, presented at Court, and received with honour and esteem by all our leading musicians. Of course, there was the usual professional jealousy to contend with, and at first intrigues were set on foot to belittle him. But in the end all opposition was practically beaten down; the concerts where he appeared were well attended, and his music, as it were, took the town by storm. Haydn, while in England, had an experience that was a great delight to him. He was taken to the Handel Festival. Now at that date if an orchestra numbered, say from forty to fifty, it was looked upon as something

exceptional. Haydn himself had been accustomed to orchestras of about twenty. When he went to this festival and found that the orchestra and chorus were together about 1,000 strong, he was deeply moved; and on the Hallelujah Chorus being sung—all the audience standing—he wept like a child, exclaiming, “He is the master of us all!”

During this visit he received from the University of Oxford the degree of Doctor of Music. As an exercise, he handed in a little sheet of music, which seemed simple enough, and appeared too trivial to present to the Dons;

HAYDN'S EXERCISE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD ON HIS BEING
MADE DOCTOR OF MUSIC, JULY 8, 1791.



but when it was looked into, it was found that whether one began at the beginning, in the middle, or even turned it upside down, and as it were went backwards, a properly harmonised air was there.

While in London Haydn received a summons from Prince Esterhazy to return to Vienna and write an opera for some festivities there. Now although the Prince, as before mentioned, had dispensed with his Capelle, yet Haydn was still Capellmeister, for the late Prince had left him an annual pension of 1,000 florins on condition that he retained the title of Capellmeister to the Esterhazys.

However, he declined to leave London at once, pleading engagements, though he feared that his refusal would cost him his post, and therefore his pension; but, to his surprise and delight, when he did return about a year after, all that the Prince said to him was, "Ah, Haydn! you might have saved me 40,000 florins." Nothing of note occurred during the next 18 months, after which he was again invited to go to London. Prince Anton reluctantly gave his consent, and he arrived there in February, 1794. His second visit was as successful as his first, perhaps more so. He made something like £1,200 by his concerts, compositions, lessons, etc.—a large sum in those days, and especially so for a man of his moderate wants.

Prince Anton died three days after Haydn's second departure for this country, and was succeeded by his son Nicolaus, who inherited all his grandfather's love of music and pride in his Capelle. He wrote to Haydn informing him that he was about to reconstitute the Capelle, and asking him if he would undertake the headship again. Haydn replied in the affirmative.

Now as this Prince was impatiently awaiting Haydn's arrival, and as Haydn himself was beginning to long for that quiet home life for which he was so well fitted, the engagements in London were quickly brought to an end, and his visit concluded. He left London for the last time in August, 1795. To the enterprise of Salomon in getting Haydn to London we are indebted for, among other things, the twelve grand symphonies, written as per agreement.

Although Haydn was now 63 years of age, there were two or three compositions still to be written, which caused his name to be better known throughout the world than anything he had hitherto done. To mention one—a song. While in England, Haydn had always admired our

National Anthem, and regretted that his fellow countrymen had not similar means to express musically their feelings towards their Sovereign. War breaking out with France deepened this regret, and made him anxious to supply this want. The Austrian Prime Minister was communicated with, and he commissioned the poet Hauschka to provide Haydn with words suitable for a National Anthem. As a result of this Haydn composed "Gott erhalte Franz der Kaiser," known to us as the Emperor's Hymn. The air is sublime and devotional, but simple enough to become a National tune. Haydn always considered it as one of his best efforts; in fact, the very last piece or tune he ever played was this Emperor's Hymn.

Another composition is "The Creation." The idea of composing an oratorio was first suggested to Haydn by Salomon, who showed him a book or libretto compiled from Genesis and "Paradise Lost" for that purpose, on the Creation. He took this book home, and let one or two of his friends see it. Salomon's suggestion was approved of, and the work was at once commenced.

Now, comments are frequently made and comparisons drawn between the time taken by Haydn to compose "The Creation," namely, eighteen months, and the twenty-one days which were all Handel took to complete "The Messiah," and, perhaps unintentionally, some injustice is done to Haydn. When Haydn undertook to write an oratorio, he stepped outside that particular sphere in which he was most fitted to excel, namely, instrumental music. Let me endeavour to explain.

We are all of us familiar with the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," "Judas Maccabæus," "Jephtha," those colossal oratorios of Handel; but where are his quartets and symphonies? We don't often hear them

in public. Again, we all know "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," "Magic Flute," those entrancing operas of Mozart, but where are his oratorios? Who ever hears them in public? These three were all musicians of Titanic proportions, yet each excelled in a different direction. Probably Haydn never would have composed an oratorio of his own initiative. It was only when it was suggested to him that he took it in hand, and even then he seemed to want some confirmation from his friends.

This is not the place to enter into the much-debated question as to how far programme music is correct or allowable; but however much we may differ as to the propriety of Haydn's attempts to faithfully imitate natural sounds, such as those of beasts and birds, we shall all agree that those parts which serve as suggestions will be admired as long as music lives as a rousing and an elevating influence.

Haydn brought all his powers to bear on this work. The scoring is perfect and refined; brilliant orchestration adding to the luscious melodies, and there is not a slovenly bar in it. Day after day he wrought at it with all the concentration that he could command. Earnestly and honestly he strove to make his music as fit as possible for his mighty theme. He himself said: "Never was I so pious as when composing 'The Creation.' I knelt down every day and prayed to God to strengthen me for my work." It was first performed publicly in Vienna, March 19, 1799, and proved a complete success, even becoming for a time the rage of Europe.

Not long after this he was again approached, and consented to write another oratorio; having as his text an adaptation from Thomson's "Seasons." The task, however, was not congenial, and although he honestly strove at it he did not achieve that measure of success which attended "The Creation." He himself said afterwards

that he ought not to have undertaken the task. It exhausted him, and he never completely recovered from an illness following its production, and which left him an old man. Still it was enthusiastically received, and added considerably to his fame and fortune.

An incident may here be mentioned, as it gives some idea of Haydn's character. The Emperor Francis asked him which of the two oratorios he preferred? "The Creation," answered Haydn. Why? "Because in 'The Creation' angels speak, and their talk is of God. In 'The Seasons' no one higher speaks than Farmer Simon."

This story calls to mind Ruskin's dictum that when comparing two pictures of equal finish, if one has for its subject a higher or nobler theme than the other, that one must be allowed to be the finer production.

We are now coming to the closing years of his life. In March, 1808, he received a very pressing invitation to a grand concert in Vienna. "The Creation" was being performed, and to induce him to attend Prince Esterhazy sent his carriage. The old man was carried to an arm-chair, his entrance being announced by a burst of trumpets and drums, taken up by the acclamations of the audience. He found himself surrounded by the most distinguished artist friends and pupils; by nobles and ladies who all vied in treating him with honour and respect. The performance had not gone very far when at the burst of music which accompanies the words "And there was light," the audience, unable to restrain their enthusiasm, applauded long and loudly. Haydn was much overcome, and pointing upwards exclaimed, "It came from thence." The old man's excitement became so great that it was thought best to take him home at the conclusion of the first part. As he was being carried out his friends flocked round to take leave of him, among them Beethoven, who stooped to kiss his hands

and forehead. On reaching the door he bade the bearers stop and turn towards the orchestra, then lifting his hands as if blessing them, he took his farewell of his beloved "children" and his art. He always spoke of his orchestra and servants as his children.

The last visit he ever received was from a French officer, who sang "In Native Worth" to him with such feeling and expression that Haydn embraced him warmly at parting. For the moment all national animosities were forgotten and swallowed up in the love each bore to the art of music.

Nine days after this he called his servants round him and asked to be carried from his bed to the piano. He solemnly played the "Emperor's Hymn" three times over, and then bade them lay him down again. He scarcely spoke after, and at the end of five days, about midnight, 31st May, 1809, he quietly breathed his last.

He was buried in the churchyard of Hundsturm near by; and after peace was restored his remains were removed and solemnly re-interred at Eisenstadt. When the coffin was opened in order to identify the body the skull was missing: it had been stolen two days after the funeral. A skull was sent anonymously to the Prince as Haydn's, but it is said that the real one was retained, and is, or was, in the possession of the family of a physician at Vienna.

Haydn is one of that band of immortals who during the last and a portion of the present century so advanced their art that they may almost be said to have created it, and who remind one of that extraordinary galaxy of painters which sprung up in Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and who endowed the world with such an enormous amount of artistic wealth.

It may be deemed hackneyed to speak of Haydn as the "founder of the symphony," the "father of the quartet,"

the "creator of instrumental music," and so on, but the phrases are correct. Where are the quartets and symphonies written before his time? Undeniably many finer pieces of music of that class have been written since. But when one sees the last huge, ponderous, and complicated locomotive turned out, say by the London and North-Western Railway Company, does it detract from the credit we give to the builder of "The Rocket"? So in music, the ideas of Haydn and others contained potentialities from which have been evolved results and perfections scarcely even dreamt of by them. As Stephenson's invention seems dwarfed by the improvements of his successors, so Haydn's ideas are left far behind by the extraordinary developments of the mighty Beethoven.

It would be unpardonable to omit mentioning his masses. His church music, like himself, is truly religious, though set in a joyous key—cheerful, but never frivolous. Perhaps that quality accounts for the fact, that no composer's masses are to-day more frequently sung in Germany than Haydn's.

Whether the lines laid down by Haydn and his immediate successors will permanently remain as musical canons in the same way as the Greeks have made laws in architecture, it is impossible to say. We hear at times a good deal about the music of the future. Well, some of it certainly commends itself, but it is to be feared that much of it is to ordinary mortals something like what the Latin tongue was in the pre-reformation church services, it is "not understood of the common people."

If there is one thing more than another which is a feature in Haydn's music, it is, that melody is never wanting. He said, "It is the air which is the charm of music, and it is that which is most difficult to produce."

Not long since an eminent musician said he would be prouder if he could have been known as the composer of "Aileen Aroon" than of all the music written before or since. Doubtless he spoke figuratively, but to my mind music loses nearly all its charms when melody is absent, and it may fairly be urged that harmonised melody is the highest form of music.

Haydn's music is distinguished by lucidity, finish, and an absence of meaningless phrases. His writing was neat and uniform, and with very few corrections. Unlike Mozart, he always sketched his compositions at the piano before writing. He refused to be bound by the old rules, and frequently broke through them, saying: "Rules were for artists, not artists for rules;" and it is one of his glories that he was one of the first to begin the rescue of music from the bonds of pedantic formalism.

It must also be remembered that he was practically self-taught. Very little money was spent on his musical education. He picked it up as he went along, and the perseverance with which he followed up every little advantage gained was only exceeded by the accuracy of his judgment when deciding what should be discarded and avoided, or what adhered to, elaborated or created. Haydn was not a leading performer on any instrument, and scarcely ever played a solo.

Of his character and conduct towards other musicians nothing but praise can be given. He appears to have been especially free from envy, and wherever merit showed itself he at once willingly and cheerfully recognised it. His relations with Mozart were singularly beautiful, and although he and Beethoven were for a time not in the closest bonds of amity, yet ultimately friendship prevailed, and we find that when Beethoven was on his death-bed he was roused to animation at seeing a picture of Haydn's

birthplace, and exclaimed: "Strange that so great a man should have had so poor a home."

Not only was he generous in his appreciation of others, but he never failed to give credit to those from whose compositions he had derived benefit. He never ceased to acknowledge his indebtedness to Emanuel Bach. He never forgot a benefit, and so reverent was he to the memory of his parents that when going to inspect a monument erected to his honour at Castle Rohrau he stopped at the threshold of the little cottage that had been his home, and, kneeling down, kissed the ground made sacred to him by the footsteps of his father and mother. He was gentle to a degree: children were always fond of him, and for years he was known as Papa Haydn. His piety was simple and sincere. He used to say that, "At the thought of God his heart leapt for joy, and he could not help his music doing the same." He dedicated all his great pieces to God, beginning with "In Nomine Deo," and ending with L. D.—"Laus Deo": S. D. G.—"Soli Deo gloria," and at times more diffuse terms than these were used. Yet he was extremely fond of fun. The humorous crops out in his music in all directions. For instance, the "Toy Symphony," "Surprise Symphony," "Farewell Symphony," trio—"Maiden Fair": in fact, it sounds somewhat odd, but the "elements were so mixed in him" that it may be debated whether his piety or sense of humour was the more prominent.

A word on his appearance. He was a little below the middle height, and had rather short legs, regular features, and was of substantial build. His nose was aquiline, but was disfigured by a polypus, which he never would have removed, and his face was deeply pitted by the smallpox. He had a rather large under-lip, and his jaw was massive. In fine, he considered himself ugly. Scrupulously clean

and neat in his clothes, he refused to follow the changes of fashion, and the style of dress he affected when young he made use of until his death. The number of pieces that he wrote is astounding—masses, operas, oratorios, concertos, quintets, quartets, trios, marionette music, and other compositions almost without end. He wrote 125 symphonies of one kind or another and 77 quartets. His fertility seemed unbounded. To sum up: When we consider the quality of his work and its immense quantity: see how he enriched his art: how he spent his whole life in advancing and improving it: what vast fields he opened out to his successors, we readily admit him into that wonderful chain of matchless musicians who, by their genius, promoted their art to an extent and in a manner to which it is difficult to find a parallel in the history of any of the sister arts.

His title to a niche in the temple of fame, to a seat in the musical Valhalla, cannot, in justice, be gainsaid: and it may fairly be said that he is fully entitled to be crowned with the laurel wreath—the highest gift posterity can bestow—and which is only granted to those who though dead still live—to those who have left such “footprints on the sands of time” that men are compelled to admit their claim to be ranked among the immortals.





ON FIELDS.

BY B. A. REDFERN.

THIS subject of "Fields" was suggested to me by a passage in a letter received from a certain girl-graduate of my acquaintance. She had been called upon to write a paper for discussion on the following theme:—"Dr. Johnson says that when you have seen one field you have seen all fields.—Is this true?" And she asked me to verify the quotation in "Boswell," or elsewhere.

I have not been able to find that passage, but possibly some one can tell me where, if anywhere, it appears.

As a reverent member of a certain Club, which has the great Doctor for its patron saint,* I would fain know if he ever uttered that absurd dictum anent the sameness of all fields. In the meantime I will hope that the editor of the "Rambler" and the inventor of the Happy Valley of Rasselas was guiltless of such a saying, and even if I were shown it in "Boswell," I should still trust that the bear-leader had for once misunderstood the sign of the Great Bear. I am of the same opinion as Cowper, who says—

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.

And it seemed to me that there was an almost *endless* variety in fields—that, indeed, there were few, if any, things in the whole creation more various or more distinct—

* Dr. Johnson is by tradition understood to preside over the destinies of the Manchester Literary Club.

tive in their variety ; that whilst the heavenly bodies were undoubtedly the most beautiful objects in our range of vision, yet that in this special matter of *variety* of beauty, the fields of earth not only surpassed the spangled heavens of night, but even the cloud-adorned dome of day itself.

With these impressions I sat down to tell, or rather remind, my correspondent of some varieties of fields we had known.

Together let us beat these ample fields,
Try what the open, what the covert, yields,

said I, making use of a couplet which proves that poor stay-at-home Pope could (whether Johnson could or not) distinguish one kind of field from another.

The first that came to my mind's eye was one, near my own home, that on a stranger's first glance at it would seem to have no claims to notice whatever. It is situated well within the boundary of the City of Manchester, a field which is much trespassed upon at present, and which is doomed at an early future to extinction as a field. It forms part of a high and breezy plateau, from which one obtains, on Sundays and holidays, a striking and largely comprehensive view of the great city. Until recently it has been thought worthy of cultivation, and at some remote period had been laid out in butts for drainage as a pasture, but there is not now "feead fur a cow" in the whole enclosure. In the hollows between these ancient butts, however, there is a growth of herbage which makes lines of bright green upon the bronze surface of the land, and the eye finds pleasure in the contrast. There are also two or three little weed-fringed pools in which the shifting clouds are mirrored, and round their margins one can see the white plumes of the cotton-grass waving in the wind outside the serried ranks of the rush spears. And there is one larger pool, fortunately out of the track of the trespasser, where,

mirabile dictu, the shy mallard still raises her downy brood, and in which the bog bean flourishes as well as if the town were a score of miles away. Thank goodness! the men who know not, and therefore love not, the fields, but only take to them when they want a short-cut to the nearest football match, or the town-going tram, suspect not their existence. The only other places in which I have seen the bog, or buck, bean in full growth were, respectively, on the top of Wry Nose, near the "Three Shire Stones," and on Derwentwater, where the owner of the land in which its roots found an anchorage—a Manchester alderman, by-the-bye—pointed it out to me as a great rarity.

I have mentioned this case of a moribund suburban field, in proof that there are often objects of interest to be found in places which can be reached by the town-dweller in a short walk from his home. But how much more interesting are those fields of the "real" country, which in these days of cheap locomotion can be explored by all, at one holiday time or other. There is a certain kind of field—not the most beautiful, it may be—which has a great and abiding charm for me. This is the field in its least cultivated form, freshly enclosed from the surrounding waste, and still partaking of the characteristics of the moorland in the sober, almost sombre, colour of its grasses, and the irregularities of its surface, with here an outcropping rock of lime or millstone grit (I have seen both in the same field), and there a stubby wild orchard of bilberry, a prickly clump of gorse in green and amber, a gnarled and interwoven shrubbery of heather, in pink and purple, or a dwarf coppice of aromatic bog myrtle, mingling its scent with those of the wild thyme and the asphodel.

Some of the happiest hours of my—and, I doubt not, of your—life have been spent in some such field as this, at

the edge of the moorland, or, it may be, on some "breezy hill that skirts the down," and the memory and hope of such hours have brightened many dark days in the city for us.

"Is life worth living?" quotha. Let him who asks come with us to where he may "lie on the dappled turf at ease" and listen to the thrilling ecstasy of the skylark, the love-laden and languorous coo of the wood-pigeon, or to the dream music made up of the bleating and lowing of distant flocks and herds, the cawing of rooks in immemorial elms, and the sleep-inviting hum of innumerable bees, and if he then cannot answer his question in the affirmative—why, let him die and be cremated here or elsewhere.

And whilst thus being led on to speak of the various sounds of the multivarious fields, let me not forget that frequently dominant voice of the waste and wild places of our island, the cry of the plover which, though often called "melancholy," is never heard by me without delight. This bird of many names—lapwing, pewit, tewit, plover, etc., makes for itself a rude lying-place rather than nest in places of this description; and I have more than once or twice admired (without disturbing them) the four or five exquisitely shaped and specially dark-tinted eggs, which lay with their narrow ends inwards in a slight depression in the open field.

The rustics of the more remote localities (who have never heard of an "aspic") who have no market for or knowledge of the money value of these luxuries, are not so scrupulous, unless they find that five eggs have been laid, in which case they leave them to be hatched. "For," said a certain woodman to me, "if there's fower i' t' neese, they're yetable, but hoo sterts sittin' when hoo's foive."

I have on several occasions seen Hodge break and beat up with his knife four plovers' eggs at once into his pint

of "thripenny," but never five, as plovers' eggs, when addled, make the most appetising "thripenny" unpalatable, even to Hodge.

It was in some such field as that I have tried to describe—a field near Tilberthwaite—that I was once shown the birthplace and early home of five fox-cubs which I had seen the previous day curled up at the bottom of a big tub in the barn at Gill Foot. The lively and pretty, though slightly malodorous, "varmint" were awaiting despatch into Lincolnshire, which county gives, as I suppose is but proper, greater advantages to the larger and nobler animals taking part in the chase than are afforded by Cumberland or North Lancashire, so the foxes are exported. Will it be considered un-English or unsportsmanlike if I own that I would gladly have spent a few hours in putting back that interesting family into its rocky home had I been permitted? Solomon says in his "Song," "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines," but there are no vines, and little else that can be spoiled by them, in Tilberthwaite, and the wise monarch, were he living now, would be no party to the premeditated cruelty involved in this kind of taking of the little foxes.

When I think of the more cultured fields, I am reminded of a glorious scene which burst upon my sight on a certain day in September, when from the slopes of Moel Famau, I looked down upon the widespread and fertile vale of Clywd, under a sun and sky like that of Italy. Away to the north, with the sea like a gray valance of gauze with a few stray gems sparkling upon it, were the towers of an ancient cathedral and still more ancient castle, while at different points of the vale were to be seen dark woods and flashing waters, and pleasant views of towns, villages, mansions, farms, and cottages, but it was not these that afforded the greatest pleasure to the sightseer.

No, it was from the cultivated fields which lay below us, in a charming variety of uniformity, with each field distinctly defined from its neighbour by its colour and its hedgerow—but like it in general regularity of surface and oneness of colour within itself—that the greatest satisfaction was obtained. The warmth and brilliancy of rich colour were given in the fields of clover and colza and ripened grain, and the root fields lent the landscape those half tints and grades of colour which, as alternatives, are so refreshing to the eye after its first gloating gaze on the brighter features of the scene. Indeed, those fields of Nant-y-Clwyd, as beheld by us on that occasion, were the modern realisation of the fabled Elysian fields, an utterly indescribable and unpaintable combination of beauty in nature and art. For (to take only one kind) who *can* tell adequately in words or pictures the varying charms of the barley, the oat, and the wheat fields: in spring a symphony in rich browns and vivid greens, in autumn a golden sea.

Descending into the vale, and crossing the corn fields by the usual narrow path, we see beneath the beards of the barley or the full shocks of the wheat, the brilliant scarlet of the poppy, the bright blue of the centaurea, or the rich purple of the corn cockle, and inspired by the sight of them, feel some of that rapture which fills the poet when, to the amazement and amusement of the ordinary peasant, he sings of the wild flowers. And here I am reminded of the gorgeous colour of a corn field I once saw in the Fylde, where the poppies blazed out amongst the corn in such profusion, and with such splendour, that it was almost like a conflagration. I spoke of this in glowing terms a day or two afterwards, when the owner of the field was present, and I regret to say that his language thereon was of a warmth, a gorgeousness, and a profusion more than sufficient for the theme.

Whenever I think of these poppies—and they do at times flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude—a certain charming verse of Hood's "Ruth" comes to mind, and always comes to stay awhile. It runs thus:—

In her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

But it is perhaps in the root crops that one gets the greatest variety in colour and shade and form. There are many fine contrasts, to name only a few, afforded by mangolds and swedes, and beets, and the different members of the cabbage tribe, and by the variously coloured but always beautiful flowers of the potatoes. And let me not forget here to remind you of the specially lovely foliage of some of these plants, as, for instance, that (resembling the parsley fern) of the carrot, which often secures for that vegetable a central place as an ornament at the festive board, unknown to the guests, as well as that more modest place which it occupies as a comestible.

And then there are the meadows, those flowery meads of which Spenser says:—

No daintie flowre or herbe that grows on ground,
No arborett with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be found
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smells al around.

The lush grass, variegated and decorated above with sorrel and marigold and meadow sweet, ox-eye daisy, and dandelion, campion, and cranesbill, and affording below shelter for countless and diverse millions of creatures, each having a different song to sing, story to tell, or charm to display to the man with eyes and ears and taste and time. And when the grass is mown, and the shaven mead is made picturesque with curving swathes and

hillocks of hay, and the air is rich with a scent perhaps above all others most grateful to the human sense, then we discover a hitherto hidden decoration of pimpernel and orchis, silver weed and saxifrage, and the promise of a new and rich embroidery for the aftermath in the days to come. More especially beautiful is the meadow in which clover and vetch are grown together, and make a happy hunting or honey-gathering ground for the busy bee. At the moment of writing, I can call up some of the features of a field of this kind, which I saw near Skelwith, where the marguerites and the corn marigold disputed possession with the vetch and clover, and made with them an earth carpet of surpassing loveliness.

And how delightful too are the pasture fields (though in a lesser degree) to the lover of Nature, when he sees, for instance, however closely they may have been grazed, the bright pink flower of the centaury or sanctuary, the flashing dandelion, or the silver veined thistle still standing sturdily out of the dried earth, whilst the yellow plumes of the less succulent "windles" bend gracefully in the breeze, seeming to mourn the early and violent takings off of their late field mates. And, again, how various the colour and character of the grasses at the different seasons of the year, or, indeed, in the same season, after the fields have been grazed separately by different kinds of beasts or birds, or it may be by different kinds together, as is, of course, often the case.

There is a pasture on the western slope of Darley Dale which in spring is crowded with daffodils of such size and beauty as make it remarkable amongst pastures. The wood from which they have spread is known for some miles round as the "Dilly Wood," but it is in the pasture that the largest and brightest flowers are found, and though it is regularly grazed and "the dull swain treads

on it daily with his clouted shoon," they are said to be steadily increasing, and bid fair to wanton in the breeze for many years to come.

And while talking of Derbyshire pastures let me not forget to name the magnificent Haddon pasture (once part of Haddon Chace), which, starting at the opposite side of the Rowsley Road from the Hall, only ends on the ridge overlooking the lovely glen of the Lathgill, a mile's length and half a mile's breadth of springy sward in which there is no monotony, so beautiful are the contours of the surface.

Here there may often be seen at the same time several score head of beeves, horses enough to mount a troop of cavalry, and hundreds of sheep grazing together without overcrowding, not to speak of innumerable hares and rabbits which come from the surrounding woods and cop-pices to make an exercise ground of this lordly grassland.

But enough! Much more could I say of the variety of interest and beauty to be found in fields, for as yet I have only spoken of their modern and superficial aspects, but how endless the subject appears when one thinks of the transformations—natural and artificial—which they have gone through in the course of ages, or, to go further still, when we consider them in their moral aspect.

Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless man
Could field or grove, could any spot of earth
Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed, render him an echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod!

Nowhere and nohow can man learn more valuable lessons, to affect beneficially his own life and conduct and to enable him to be of service to his fellows, than by holding communion with Nature in the variously beautiful and storied fields which make our England unique on the earth.

Finally—and this is my epilogue—let me remind you of the happy touch of Nature which occurs in Mrs. Quickly's description of the death of that generally graceless reprobate for whom we all have a sneaking and illogical kindness, Jack Falstaff. Surely nothing became him more in his life than his manner of leaving it, for we are told that the wicked old boy "went away an it had been any Christom child, fumbling with the sheets, playing with flowers, and babbling o' green fields."

IN CINERE IGNIS.

BY JOHN WALKER.

HAS my old self departed in despair—
 Weary of city fret and seething strife;
 No more to make glad music in my life;
 Never again to cheer me anywhere?
 Is childhood's sweetness soured within the man;
 Has youthful joy become but Dead Sea Fruit;
 And has the prize that tempts the mad pursuit
 Become the only hope elysian?

Ah, yes, indeed! Thy whilom self hath fled,
 But haply not for ever. This is May,
 And smiling infants pass all garlanded;
 A voice rings clear and thrills the dying day;
 Mine eyes are wet with tears that are not shed:
 Thou hast my voice, sweet throstle on the spray!



THE RHYTHM OF COLERIDGE'S "CHRISTABEL."

BY H. D. BATESON.

IT must have been some study of writers on metre and rhythm which induced Mr. Rudyard Kipling to write:

There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right.

Their diversities are bewildering, though the subject is apparently a simple one.

One distinguished authority is at great pains to lay down the lines of a system; another authority equally distinguished says that his predecessor is a totally untrustworthy guide, and a third differs from the other two *toto cælo*.

But English rhythm and English metres demand some attention on the part of English students, for the gap in English literature has already been detected on the Continent, and Dr. Schipper,* the Professor of Philology in the University of Vienna, has written a most important and thorough work on the subject, which, though it does not seem to have been reviewed in any of the principal English periodicals, will, no doubt, readily be recognised as a leading work on English prosody.

* Englische Metrik, von Dr. J. Schipper. 3 vols. Published by Emil Strauss, Bonn, 1882, 1888, and 1889.

Another difficulty of the subject, as explained at greater length in a previous paper,* is the absence of any uniform nomenclature.

Why should it be necessary for English writers to borrow from the Greeks the names of their rhythms—the iambic, the trochaic, the dactylic, and the anapæstic—when it is quite intelligible to call the iambic and trochaic common rhythms, and the anapæstic and dactylic triple rhythms? Why, again, should it be necessary to describe the metres of English verse as tetrameter, pentameter, hexameter, and heptameter, when it is equally easy to call the different measures four, five, six, and seven foot measures? But the classical names have been sanctioned by long usage, and, as they are now well understood, it may possibly save some confusion if they are used.

A third difficulty is that of notation. Mr. Masson's† is excellent, but it reminds one of the chorus of frogs in the "Batrachoi" of Aristophanes, and the *a x a x* becomes wearisome. The marking of the long and short quantities followed by Poe (see Vol. II. of the edition of his works published by Middleton in 1871) is, as may be easily shown, misleading, and the best method would appear to be that followed by Dr. Schipper, who marks the accented syllable with an acute accent (´), and, if necessary, the unaccented with a grave accent (`).

If a formula is required, a cipher may stand for the unaccented syllable, and 1 for the accented one.

Both Coleridge and Poe have indicated to some extent the principles which have guided them in metrical composition. Poe, in his "Essay on the Rationale of Verse," has this passage:—

* See Vol. XVII., 1891, p. 57.

† See Masson's "Milton," Vol. III., p. 107.

To melody and harmony the Greeks hearkened with ears precisely similar to those which we employ for similar purposes at present, and I should not be condemned for heresy in asserting that a pendulum at Athens would have vibrated very much after the same fashion as does a pendulum in the city of Penn.

To this may be added the equally obvious truism that the method of breathing which accounts for the *cæsura* or middle pause must have been the same in the times of Homer and Horace as to-day. Though pages and pages have been written by prosodians and others on this subject, the short and simple rule to note the number of accents in a verse or series of verses and to note the position of the middle pause will give a key to almost every form of English rhythm.

The distribution of accents often appears uneven and arbitrary, and in this connection it is well to bear in mind a principle laid down by the late Mr. J. A. Symonds in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1874, where, speaking of Milton's blank verse (the pentameter or five foot iambic), Mr. Symonds says:—*

A verse may often have more than ten syllables, and more or less than five accents, but it must carry so much sound as shall be a satisfactory equivalent for ten syllables, and must have its accents arranged so as to content an ear prepared for five.

Mr. Symonds adds:—

The secret lies in preserving the balance and proportion of syllables while varying their accent and their relative weight and volume, so that each line shall carry its proper burden of sound, but the burden shall be differently distributed. . . . In this prosody, scansion by time takes the place of scansion by metrical feet. The bars of the musical composer, where different values, from the breve to the demi-semiquaver, find their place, suggest a truer basis of measurement than the longs and the shorts of classic quantity.

So also Dr. Schipper, in dealing with the verse of four accents, distinguishes the "Viertaktig" verse of four accents, framed after the model of the French *vers octo-*

* Mr. J. B. Mayor calls this an æsthetic and not a scientific analysis.

syllable, where the number of unaccented syllables is limited to four, or at most to five (as in Gower's "Confessio Amantis" and Byron's "Giaour") from the "Vierhebig" verse, also of four accents, but where the number of unaccented syllables is not limited to four, as in "Christabel."

Coleridge, in his preface to "Christabel," formulated the principle (and he calls it a new principle) on which he has proceeded in constructing the rhythm, namely, "That of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four."

With regard to this Dr. Schipper says (Part II., Book I., p. 245):—

This is just the principle both of the freely constructed four-foot verse (*Viertaktig*), as used in old English poetry . . . and of the four accented (*Vierhebig*) iambic-anapaest or trochaic dactylic new English long line, which is frequently combined with it . . . the combination forming a very popular metre in all new English poetry.

Burns's "Tam o' Shanter" is a conspicuous instance.

Dr. Schipper proceeds, p. 247:—

The claim raised by Coleridge to have discovered a new metrical principle, if he did mean this, was therefore in every respect unfounded. But it is quite conceivable that it came newly into vogue through him, and exercised a considerable influence on his contemporaries and on the later poets, such as Byron, Scott, Moore, and others.

Dr. Guest also (Vol. II., p. 142) gives an instance dating back to the thirteenth century.

Dealing with the variations of the metre Dr. Schipper points out (p. 248):—

The reasons for most of the deviations from the usual four-foot iambic verses in this poem, and also in Coleridge's poems "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter" and "Lewti," which are written in the same metre, can be easily discovered in the change of feeling or situation. Many of these changing relations between form and contents of a poem doubtless are due to a momentary inspiration of genius, but they certainly proceed just as often from artistic reflection, for it is not to be forgotten that Coleridge polished his poems carefully, and that he expressly alludes to the poetical purpose which the variations serve in the structure of his verse.

With this preface an analysis of "Christabel" should present no very difficult task.

The ordinary line is an iambic tetrameter (*i.e.*, the iambic or common rhythm of four feet), and the formula is:—

0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1
Line 20 The night is chill, the cloud is gray.

Of these lines there are approximately—making some allowances for differences of opinion as to scansion—433 instances. Part I. consists of 331 lines, and of these 198 are iambic. Part II., including the conclusion to Part II., consists of 346 lines, and of these 235 are iambic.

Perhaps the best example of the rhythm in the whole poem is formed by the lines in the second part:—

408 Alas! they had been ' friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues ' can poison truth ;
And constancy lives ' in realms above,
And life is thorny, ' and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth ' with one we love
Doth work like madness ' in the brain.

And there are also some rhythmic lines in Part I. :—

62. Her stately neck ' and arms were bare,
Her blue-veined feet ' unsandalled were ;
And wildly glittered ' here and there
The gems entangled ' in her hair.
I guess 'twas frightful ' there to see
A lady ' so richly clad as she,
Beautiful ' exceedingly.

Some of the iambic lines contain an occasional spondee.

E.g. :—

189 Sank down ' upon the floor below.
201 Strike twelve ' upon my wedding day.
221 Her fair large eyes ' 'gan glitter bright.
469 Spread smiles like light. ' With new surprise.

But these hardly require a separate classification.

247 lines are left which require to be classified, and these may be roughly divided into the following seven classes :—

- (1) Lines containing anapæstic feet (Formula—001 001 001 001), 89.
- (2) Lines containing trochaic feet (Formula—10 10 10 10), 60.
- (3) Truncated lines (Formula—101 01 01), 36.
- (4) Hypercatalectic lines (Formula—01 01 01 010), 20.
- (5) Iambic dimeter (Formula—01 01), 6.
- (6) Iambic trimeter (Formula—01 01 01), 5.
- (7) Various combinations not falling under any of the above heads, 31.

It will be seen that of these seven classes the anapæstic lines are by far the most numerous. They are used, for the most part, to express rapid motion, as the dactyl is in the "*Æneid*" to express the flight of Camilla over the fields, or the galloping of the horses on the plain. The most conspicuous example is in Part II. :—

498 Bard Brácy, Bard Brácy, ' your hórses áre fíet ;
 Ye must ride up the háll ' your músic so swéet,
 More loúd than your hórses' ' échoing fíet,
 And loúd and loúd ' to Lord Róland cáll,
 " Your daúghter is sáfe ' in Lángdale Háll."

But there are instances of anapæsts in each of the four feet. *E.g.* (Formula—001 001 001 001) :—

445 For the lády was ráthlessly séized, ' and he kénned
 In the beáutiful lá'ly ' the child of his friend.

And there are four other examples.

Anapæsts in three places :—

1 'Tis the middle of night ' by the cástle clóck,
 And the ówls have awákened ' the crówing cóck.

And there are eight other instances.

Anapæsts in two places :—

584 And the lády's éyes ' they shrúnk in her héad,
 And with sómewhat of málice ' and móre of dréad.

And there are nine other examples.

Anapæsts in one place. In the first foot—two instances out of ten :—

- 21 'Tis a mónth befóre · the mónth of Máy
And the Spring comes slówly · úp this wáy.

In the second foot—five instances out of 29 :—

- 409 But whispering tóngues · can póison tráth,
And cónstancy líves · in réalms abóve.
669 To mútter and móck · a bróken chárm,
To dáilly with wróng · that dóes no hárm.
Oh, sórrow and sháme · should this be trúe !

In the third foot—three examples out of 18 :—

- 174 The móon shines díim · in the ópen áir.
209 Can shé · the bóidless deád espý ?
227 All théy who líve · in the úpper ský.

In the fourth foot—three examples :—

- 49 The óne red léaf, · the lást of its clán.
564 Thus Brácy sáid · the Báron, the whíle.
His eýes made úp · of wónder and lóve.

There do not appear to be any instances of pure trochaic lines, such as are to be found in many of Longfellow's poems ; but there are obvious instances of trochees in two places. *E.g.* :—

- 8 Fróm her kénnel · beneáth the rók.
169 Nów in glímmer · and nów in glóom.
443 Fróm the bódies and fórms · of mén.

And there are three other examples :—

There are about 53 instances of trochees in one place, especially in the first foot :—

- 131 Lífted her úp, · a weáry weíght,
132 Óver the thréshóld · óf the gáte.

Anapæst 2 :—

- 205 Óff, wandering móther ! · péák and pine.
Óff, woman, óff ! · this hóur is míne.
Óff, woman, óff ! · 'tis gíven to mé.
551 Gréen as the hérbs · in wích it couched,
Clóse by the dóves · its héad it crouched.
Swélling its néck · as shé swelled héra.

Trochees in the second place; or these may be instances of an anapaest in the third place:—

- 79 Thy sire is ' of a nóble line.
238 And lay down ' in her lóvelinées.

In the third place:—

- 394 Are pácing bóth ' into the háll.
455 Ah, woe is mé ! ' wás it for thée.

The truncated lines number about 36. See especially:—

- 58 Thére she sées ' a dámsel bright.
Béautifól ' excéedingly.
300 Seéms to slúmber, ' meek and mild,
Ás a móther ' with her child.
320 Like ' a yóuthful hérmitéss,
Beáuteous ' in a wildernées.

And the following instances may be given of hypercatalectic lines, or lines with feminine endings as they have been called, which number about 20:—

- 156 The bránda were flát, ' the bránda were dýing,
Amid their ówn white áshes lying.
420 To fréé the hóllow héart ' from páining,
They stóod alóof, ' the acárs remáining,
Like cliffs which hád been ' rént asúnder;
But neither héat, ' nor fróst, nor thúnder
Shall whólly dó awáy, ' I wéen,
The márks of thát ' which ónce hath béen.

There are six instances of the iambic dimeter:—

- 57 What sées she thére ?

And five instances in which the trimeter is found:—

- 282 Amid the jágged shádwes
Of móssy, leáfléss bówers,
Knéeing in the móonlight
To páy her géntle róws.

Of Class 7—combinations not falling under any of the above heads—the following instances may be cited. First foot truncated. Anapaests in three feet:—

- 10 Four fór the quárters ' and twélve for the hóur.

First foot truncated. Trochee third foot :—

14 Is the night · chilly and dark ?

Trochee, 1 ; anapæst, 4 :—

51 Hánging so light · and hánging so high.

Trochee, 1 and 2 ; anapæst in third foot :—

225 Like a lády · of a fár countrée.

The following lines are quite exceptional :—

271 But vainly thou wárrést.
For this is alóne in thy pówer to decláre—
That in the dim fórest
Thou héardst a low móaning.
And foundst a bright lády
Surpássingly fair,
And dídst bring her hóme with thee
In lóve and in chárity,
To shíeld her and shélder her
Fróm the damp áir.

If the accents are marked, these lines show a regular anapæstic rhythm which will divide either into anapæstic dimeter or anapæstic tetrameter. In each case Mr. Coleridge preserves either the two or the four accents.

Truncated ; anapæst, 3 :—

332 Knélls us báck · to a wórd of deáth.

Trochee 1 ; anapæst, 3 :—

337 Mány a mórn · to his dýing dáy.

Hypercatalectic : Trochees in different feet—

354 Who áll give báck, · one áfter t'óther,
The deáth-note · tó their living bróther,
And óft, too, · bý the knéll offénder,
Júst as their óne, · two, thrée is énder,
The dévil mócks · the dóleful tále
With a mérry péal · from Bórodále.

Trochee 1 ; anapæst, 3 :—

383 Ánd in low fáltéring tónes, · yet swéet.

Trochee 1; anapæst, 4:—

449 Fái Geraldine, ' who mét the embráce.

Dactyl 1; anapæst, 3:—

535 Flúttéring ' and úttéring féarfúl móán.

Trochee 1; anapæst, 3:—

590 Stúmbing ' ón the unstéady gróund,

591 Shúddéréd alóud ' with a híssing sóund.

Anapæst 3; hypercatalectic.

Perháps 'tis préttý ' to fórcé togéther.

Truncated; hypercatalectic—

Thóughts ' so áll unliké éach óther.

But at this point the question suggests itself—What does the analysis prove? Does it give us limits within which the variations of the metre are confined? The question is by no means an easy one, and conclusions may differ.

A key to the incidence of the accents lies in the cæsure which is always to be found in verses of 4 or more than 4 feet. It will be noticed that the cæsure divides the line into two sections, neither of which has more than 3 accents, the usual form being 2 accents in each section.

It will also be found that each pair of adjacent accents in the section of the verse so formed are separated by one or two syllables, which are unaccented, and not by more than two.

But though Dr. Guest strongly insists on the sectional character of English rhythms, Mr. J. B. Mayor, Dr. Schipper and modern writers do not follow him in this respect, and though the analysis of "Christabel" may tell either way, there are only two lines, or perhaps three, in the whole poem which would seem to require the aid of the sectional theory for their scansion. These are—

225 Líke a lády ' of a fái cówntrée.

And—

535 Fláttering ' and úttering féarful móan.

And, perhaps, also—

41 Ón the other síde ' it sêems to bé.

Putting aside any theory of elision, the formula for each of these 3 lines is—

1010'	001	01
100'	0100	101
10001'	01	01

And—

But assuming that the foot and not the section is the basis of the metre, the following four rules dealing with the rhythm, the metre, and the accents of the poem may be submitted:—

(1) Mr. Coleridge's rule—

"Count in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the syllables may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be only four."

(2) The normal rhythm is iambic, but an anapæst is admissible in any foot, a dactyl in the first, and a trochee in the first or third. This excludes, of course, hypercatalectic lines where the last foot is practically an amphibrach.

(3) The metre is tetrameter acatalectic, that is, there are four feet and the last foot terminates the verse. There are only 11 instances of the dimeter and trimeter, and only 20 instances of hypercatalectic verses out of upwards of 670 lines.

(4) The "ictus metricus" principally falls on the second and fourth accents in the line, but this rule is not always observed, and where it is not followed, the first and third accents are strengthened.

But most noticeable in the rhythm is the fact that the limits are so elastic. This is, in truth, the greatest triumph

which Anglo-Saxon poetry has achieved. It has refused to be bound by the strict laws which have rendered the dithyrambs of Pindar and the alcaics and sapphics of Horace imperishable. It has even enabled the rhythmic prose of Whitman and others to be recognised as verse.

But the great modern masters of English rhythm—Tennyson, Swinburne, and Byron, in England, Longfellow and Whittier, in America—prove by their works that the best poetry and rhythm, like rhythm and oratory, are inseparable, and are only to be achieved by the "labor limæ," the labour of the file, to which most good work is due.

I write subject to correction, and I would not dare to dogmatise; in fact, in such a connection the old saying would be true, that dogmatism is nothing but matured puppyism. I am quite aware that there is much difference of opinion as to the merits of "Christabel." Byron called it "a wild and singularly original and beautiful piece—and another writer "the best nonsense poetry ever written."

If any one is in search of a subject for a paper, I would venture to suggest that the "Snake Legend" which, though it is not fully worked out in "Christabel," would seem to be at the root of this poem, of Keats' "Lamia" and Holmes' "Elsie Venner," might prove an interesting line of study to any one who has curiosity and patience enough to take it up.





WHITTIER'S POEM ON THE ROSE.

BY C. E. TYRER.

A MANCHESTER paper quoted recently from the *Cosmopolitan* some unpublished verses by Whittier which will bear repeating, and perhaps reward a brief discussion:—

The Rose lay on the Ghebir's shrine,
The Sufi sang the Rose divine,
And Sharon's Rose was holy sign.

And these fair flowers, so pure in bloom,
Whose fragrance, like the sweet perfume
Of Hafiz' quatrains, fills my room,—

The loveliest of the floral band,
The glory of our Summer-land,
I take as God's gifts from thy hand.

Sweet flowers along thy earthly way
Be thine, O friend!—and, more than they,
The Rose-bloom of eternal day!

After reading and re-reading this poem—for such verses, like the flower which they celebrate, do not yield up all their sweetness at once—I asked myself in what consisted its peculiar charm; for that there is a charm, and a

remarkable one, in these simple lines, few lovers of poetry will dispute. Now, the analysis of any true poem—the attempt to discover and disengage those elements in which its own distinction and individual charm consists—is a tempting but an exceedingly difficult task, or rather it is one in which a more than partial success is practically unattainable. He would be a bold man who should profess to be able to explain fully, to his own satisfaction, or to that of others, all the elements which enter into the very composite pleasure we derive from such a poem as Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn," to solve the secret of its peculiar musical and æsthetic effect, and give us, as it were, a *raison d'être* of the whole poem and of its effect on our ears and our inward sensibilities. Choice of beautiful words, artistic skill in the invention of metre, rhyme, and rhythm, and in the composition and building up both of the parts and the whole, the infinitely subtle question of the association of ideas and of the language which expresses them: these are but some of the elements which contribute to the very subtle and quite individual flavour of the pleasure we receive from such a poem. The pleasure of the lover of poetry is, however, always increased by the results of all intelligent and reverent study of the poet's art, and by all careful analysis which keeps within legitimate bounds and does not take upon itself to explain the inexplicable, the secret and incommunicable gift which we call inspiration, and which the Greek poets believed they received directly from Apollo and the Muses. One of the first things, then, which strikes one in these verses of Whittier, is that they evidently proceed from the depths of a beautiful nature. Even did we know nothing more of their author, the pure, gentle, and high-souled bard, whose life was itself a noble and beautiful poem, so much might we venture to say—that a mean, vicious, or shallow

person could scarcely have written them. Now, the pleasure we receive from poetry is—much more than is generally supposed, or than it is at all fashionable to hold at the present day—the reflex of those personal qualities which we may broadly describe as moral. I do not mean to say for a moment that there may not be gross faults, nor indeed vices, in a poet whose verses have to our ears a noble and beautiful ring and a secure place in our hearts; which console, elevate, and inspire us. But this does not at all affect the general truth of what is said; and here the pure and beautiful character of the man, his simplicity and his devoutness of spirit, affect us indirectly with something of the same charm that such a personality would have exerted on us had we been brought into direct contact with it. Further, we shall find that Whittier is here singularly happy in the form into which he has cast his poetic material; the effect of the whole bearing, indeed, much resemblance to that of a properly organised sonnet. Whittier has shown a good deal of partiality for the octosyllabic triplet; and in some cases, as here and in “*Summer by the Lakeside*,” this metre has lent itself admirably to the sweet but subdued music and somewhat pensive mood which is natural to the poet and to the man. For that these verses are distinctly melodious it would be hard to gainsay, while at the same time it must be admitted that they are not flawless. There is a slight harshness in the last lines of the second and third triplets; but, then, among the many excellences we find in Whittier, absolutely consummate art is not a thing we either find or expect to find. Unfortunately for his permanent fame, he possessed a dangerous facility in verse-composition, and too often wrote when quite uninspired, descending sometimes in the same poem from the true lyric flight and the true lyric sweetness to the baldest, most ineffective, and

most pedestrian verse, the very prose of poetry. Nevertheless, when at his best he is hardly surpassed by any American poet; and he expresses the nobility, the sincerity, and the sweetness of his own nature in verses not less noble, sweet, and sincere. In the poem which has served to introduce these remarks I would particularly call attention to the three-fold repetition of the beautiful word "rose" in the three several lines of the first triplet, each time at a different position in the line, where the stress of the voice naturally and appropriately falls. After this preluding strain, this word, the keynote of the piece, does not occur again till the last line of the poem, where it comes in with a peculiarly happy effect and helps to round off and complete the whole. Analogous instances of the repetition of a word are to be found in Landor's "Rose Aylmer," where the beautiful name "Rose," happily transferred to a woman from a flower, is repeated at the beginning of two consecutive lines with the happiest effect; and in a short poem of Tennyson's latter years, "The Roses on the Terrace," where the word "rose," here again uniting in its lovely monosyllable the divers charms of a beautiful woman and a beautiful flower—occurs three times in the course of eight lines.

Mr. P. G. Hamerton remarks, in "The Sylvan Year," that "the rose has been remarkably fortunate in her name, wherever it is derived from the Latin. It is perfectly euphonious; it calls up no association whatever but that of the flower itself, except in the mind of some learned pundit, who thinks it may have something to do with the Sanscrit word *vrad*, which means 'flexible'; and wherever either rose or rosa is used in poetry it always comes in charmingly." It is obviously true that "the rose by any other name would smell as sweet"; but the euphony of the single monosyllable, which so happily expresses one of

the most beautiful objects in Nature, has probably had something to do with the singular preference which both English poets and those of the Romance languages have shown for the queen of flowers. However that may be, the rose has ever been the favourite flower of the poet, no less than that of the people. Persia, or Iran—occupied by one branch of that great Aryan family, most of whose members moved westward from their Eastern home in pre-historic times and formed the basis of the great majority of the modern European peoples—was the original home of the fragrant garden-rose in its infinite varieties, and the praises of the rose seem to have been ever blended with the praises of love and wine in the strains of the Persian poets. One of these poets, known to us from the admirable version of Edward Fitzgerald, is said to have remarked before his death: "My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind can scatter roses over it." And on the traditional tomb of Omar Khayyam, at Naishapur, in Khorassan, a modern traveller found the roses still growing, and a cutting taken from a rose-tree which overshadowed the tomb was brought to England, grafted on an English rose-tree, and planted on the Suffolk grave of the beloved poet who has grafted on an English stock the genius of Persian Omar. Long may the flower of Iran from Omar's tomb shed its beauty and fragrance over the grave of Edward Fitzgerald! But this is not the occasion to discuss the place of the rose in poetry. Any one who would pursue that delightful and fruitful subject would find more contributions than he could well manage from the poets of Greece, of Rome, of Persia, of France, of Italy, and of England; and that both the beauty of the flower itself, and its religious and moral symbolism, have ever had a peculiar fascination for the poet, as well as indeed for the painter. The verses of Whittier which I have quoted

and discussed are far from being the most splendid which have been said and sung in praise of the rose ; but it is pleasant to find the sweet Quaker-poet of New England, for whom we may hope "the rose-bloom of eternal day" has already brightened, making his little contribution to this perennially delightful theme, and celebrating—in graceful and musical, if not absolutely perfect, verse—the praises of the perfect flower.

MY FLOWER.

(From the French.)

BY W. R. CREDLAND.

SHE grew in beauty unaware,
And day by day some budded charm
Blushed into flower, in coy alarm
That it should be so fair.

And vague at first, and then with gleams
Of wondrous light within her soul,
Love would have come and won control
Of all her world of dreams.

But not for her this richest dower ;
For ere the bud did full unclose
Into the sweet and perfect rose,
Death passed and plucked my flower !

